

THE GREAT PLAN



Allen & John

“I do believe they’re raising the American flag.”

The Great Plan

BY

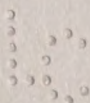
Edith Huntington Mason

Author of

"The Real Agatha," and "The Politician"

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. ALLEN ST. JOHN



CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1913

PZ3
M3836
G

COPYRIGHT
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1913

Published November, 1913

Copyrighted in Great Britain



THE VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY
Binghamton, New York, U. S. A.

1.25

©Cl.A357939

no 1

TO
EMMA PARKS WATTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
"I do believe they're raising the American flag"	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
Canvassing for the Cause	62 ✓
"I have never felt so wicked in all my life"	190 ✓
With the inspiration of despair she leaned down, as near him as she could.	232 ✓
She pointed her finger at Holyoke	248 ✓

THE GREAT PLAN

CHAPTER I



AT a point on the Rhine somewhere between Dollendorf and Coblenz, not far from the confluence of that river with the Neckar, stood the castle of Niedenfels, the very one which Adrian Kimberley had selected for Emma to live in while she tried out the "Great Plan." Only the tops of its towers could be seen from the river, and it was this circumstance as well as the fact that river traffic was less here than further up the Rhine, that made it Mr. Kimberley's choice. The success of the "Great Plan," in Emma's opinion, depended partly on its freedom from interference, and the less open they were to observation, the better she was pleased. On its landward side the castle faced the beech forests of the Odenwald, across the little valley that lay between. Viewed from

this wooded slope the ruin stood completely revealed, springing sheer, unscreened by trees, from the very edge of the precipice. A road emerging from the forest, wound down through the valley, crossed a bridge and climbed up to the castle gates, and on the river side a footpath, hidden by bushes, twisted steeply to the water's brink.

Emma found the old place comfortable beyond her wildest dreams. Its bare walls and huge apartments were filled with rugs, tapestries, lamps, and deep leathern chairs, and otherwise rendered habitable — at least that part of it which Kimberley had had restored for their use. One wing he had left in its ruined state, as it was not needed, and because Emma thought it would look less as if civilized beings lived in the castle.

Everything was as well arranged, Miss Daingerfield saw to her satisfaction, as if she had done it herself. Kimberley had told her father that he would go over before the girls did and "attend to all that," if only Emma were allowed to have her own way in the matter of going, and he had kept his word well. So well indeed that even a scrupulous parent like Mr. Robert Daingerfield had been obliged to feel satisfied.

“Emma is an only child and her mother and I have never crossed her,” he said to his friend Adrian. “She says it is the wish of her heart to try this plan of hers, and she shall do it. For all me, she can have fifty castles on the Rhine or in Spain too for that matter, for fifty summers, and be as eccentric as she likes, provided that she does not suffer for lack of the good things of life, and also provided that she does n’t want me to leave my business and live with her.” From which it will be seen that the relations between Emma and Mr. Daingerfield were that of doting parent and spoiled child. Ever since her babyhood, indeed, when Emma was just able to talk, a pet expression when she wanted her own way, was “it’s the wish of my heart”; and Mr. Daingerfield had never found himself willing to resist it.

A letter of credit for an enormous sum, confided to Kimberley in trust for Emma, had made it possible for that experienced gentleman, who was as used to the good things of life as Mr. Daingerfield himself, to equip the old robber’s nest on the Rhine, which he had bought in Emma’s name, as well as any mansion in Kentucky.

“Is n’t it just too perfect for anything, Julie?” sighed the little southerner, leaning her elbow upon the parapet of her castle. “I always did want to know what a bastion was, but I never thought I’d really own one.” She looked proudly up from the terrace to the two stout piles of masonry just above them. Fortunately it was the kind of remark that does not need an answer, for Miss Simms, beautifully lining a deep basket chair with her youthful form, was engulfed to the tips of her ears in a huge and dusty book.

Emma smiled, knowing Juliet and her passion for romantic literature, and turned again to the work of looking down over the parapet. For miles above and below the castle the well-cultivated river banks sloped gently up to the forests of the Odenwald, but just here the west verge of the hills rose most steeply from the river plain, so that the spot where Niedenfels stood, on the high part of the shore, commanded a magnificent if distant view of the river valley. Emma gazed in thrilled silence at the staring white slopes opposite—all corrugated with green vineyards; resembling in the vertical lines of their cemented terraces the windings of a giant

maze, or the working plans of some monster building.

This then was her Germany, the country of her ambition; where her use to the world was going to be demonstrated, her fondness for philanthropy given a fit field! That river which flowed so peacefully below her — through how many villages did it not pass that would soon be emancipated, enlightened, free, one sex no longer in subservience to another, all because an unknown American girl had been brave enough to strike masculine despotism a body-blow; had been capable of conceiving and executing the “Great Plan!”

“Tell them the good news, River,” she thought, “tell them, all my sisters, that hope, help is coming.” And she looked down in tenderness to where, far below, some women from a nearby village, were seining in the river. “How little they know what we are going to do for them, how little they know!”

Spoke Juliet, Juliet the dreamer, Juliet the ardent romanticist, the loveliest bookworm that ever loved a story book,

“Emma, do listen, do, do listen.”

"I will just this once," said Emma with her all-wise, tolerant little smile, and curled herself up in another chair by her friend. How thoroughly, if she had known it, the youthfulness of a complexion that feared no contrast was emphasized by the high linen collar she wore, how treacherously the plain fashion of her hair revealed instead of concealing the curl in it; and for a finishing touch to her chances of looking what she longed to be — practical, efficient and executive — she had the tiny hands and feet of the southerner. Dear little Emma Daingerfield! Not all her two years at college, or her tailored clothes, or her air of dignity could make her anything but delightfully and intensely and always feminine.

"And so the legend runs," began Juliet, "that Otho of Wittelsbach, Count Palatine of the Rhine, being well persuaded of his lady's love, went to the wars like a soldier and a good knight, and on his return there was to be a wedding at Castle Niedenfels." Miss Simms went on to read to her friend how that same good knight, after a year's absence in the Holy Land, was reported dead; how the lady wept and mourned

him; and, finally becoming inconsolable, took the veil and retired to a convent just within sight of the castle walls that should have welcomed her a bride. There she hid herself. Upon which the faithful knight and bold crusader came riding back unslain, and bidding the countryside attend his wedding feast, sent word to his bride to come, while he and his knights made ready to hold high wassail in Niedenfels. But the evening was far gone, and the feasting near its end, before the messengers returned bringing word that she had but little while before become the bride of Heaven, and for what reason.

The story then went on about how the merry-making was suddenly turned to mourning, and how the good knight Otho, Count Palatine, stricken with grief "Dwelt long in melancholy dole, and died unwed; but while he lived ever and always of a night he placed a light in that one of the tower windows in his castle which overlooked the convent, and ever and always in her window in the convent his love did put an answering beacon. And so they loved," finished the romantic tale, "these two, and until they died did burn the lights to show their constancy."

"Is n't that be-YU-tiful?" sighed Juliet, laying the volume down reluctantly.

"Why, yes, sort of. What's the book?"

"*Rhine Legends*, and it goes on to say, Emma, that the castle's haunted, and that sometimes in the banqueting hall the spirits of those old crusaders come back to feast and carouse as they used to do."

"I don't believe it,"—uncompromisingly.

"Don't you? Well, I suppose I don't, either, but it says that while no one has caught the ghosts banqueting for years and years, a light has been seen on occasion in one of the tower windows."

"Tramps, probably."

"Oh, Emma!" reproachfully, "you never believe anything! Just think, how beautiful that the lamp of his love should still shine, even after death. Oh, I wish we could see it!" Juliet thrilled deliciously.

"Heavens! I don't!" said skeptical Emma, with an unskeptical shudder. Then she yawned and brought her little white teeth together with a click in a way she had. On account of this trick, some awfully nice fellows down in Kentucky, who had known her all her life, and thought the world

of her, for a pet name called her the "Baby Savage."

It had been invented by one of them, Graham Horde, who had perhaps known her — and that is the same as saying been in love with her — the longest. Very wonderful things had been accomplished by this young man because of his love for Emma. He had given up fox-hunting and idling with other blue-blooded but penniless youths in his home town, and had gone to New York where he had been enrolled on the editorial staff of one of its greatest dailies; only as reporter, to be sure, but then it was hardly a year since love had made a man of him.

Emma was thinking of him now as she lay in her chair and stared at the peaceful German sky and the ravens that cawed about her castle's topmost tower. She was twenty-three, and imagined she had no illusions about life, and with a certain amount of superiority left romance and all that sort of thing to twenty-year-old Juliet; yet if anyone had asked her, she could not have denied that it gave her pleasure to lie there and think about that tall fellow with the fair hair whom she had last seen on the dock at Hoboken, who had

wanted her to marry him, it seemed to her, ever since she could remember.

What fun it had been that last day in New York before they sailed! She and Juliet and an aunt of Juliet's — Miss Simm's parents were not living — had been staying over night at the Belmont, and she well remembered the joy with which she beheld Graham waiting in the lobby when they arrived at the hotel. Contrary to all precedent in the matter of chaperones, they had then proceeded to have lunch together at a funny little restaurant on Forty-second street, which Horde had told her in his most serious manner was "the favorite haunt of a lot of famous reporters."

New York was more or less unfamiliar to Emma, her knowledge of it being limited to occasional stops at the Holland House when her father and mother were taking her to or from Vassar, and she smiled to herself as she recalled her delight when Horde had told her, laughing boyishly, that they were going to "do the town."

Graham had, by the way, the most infectious laugh you can imagine. It did n't matter whether you heard what he said or not; when he laughed

you laughed too. He would screw up his handsome nose and screw up his handsome eyes and giggle exactly like a girl, except that it was a deep bass giggle. There never was a more characteristic individual laugh in the world, and many women, beginning with his mother — long since dead — had loved him for it. When you heard it you forgot that he was impatient of criticism, and quick to fancy himself ill-used; you remembered only that his was a nature the real sweetness of which life's harshest moments could never sour; whose generosity to others kept him proportionately poor, and whose dependence upon the affection of his fellows made him beloved of them beyond what is usual among men.

How childishly they had behaved that day, to be sure, Emma reflected, eating peanuts and laughing and running at top speed halfway across Brooklyn Bridge! Heedless of all the serious, dreary workers that plodded by them, they had hung upon the railing to watch the great ships go down to the sea, until the policeman had begun to suspect them of a "suicide compact," or so Graham had said, and they were obliged to move on.

Then the hours in the Metropolitan and the Natural History Museum had been such fun — with Graham more fun than any gallery or museum she had ever seen anywhere in Europe. And she had been glad when he told her that he felt the same emotion she did whenever he saw in the City Hall Park the statue of that young martyred patriot, Nathan Hale.

“It does n’t make *you* feel badly at all,” Emma had accused him, very busy with her handkerchief, and he had said, “Yes, it does; I have n’t tears in my eyes as you have, but they ’re in my heart just the same.” And Emma had thought it a wonderful thing to say! Really it was a pity, when they agreed so well otherwise, that Graham should prove so bigoted on the subject of woman suffrage. He was very sweet about it and they always argued in a perfectly friendly way, but he could never be brought to admit that there was any need for women to have the vote, or that there was either sense or possibility of success in Emma’s scheme for obtaining it in Germany.

Of course she could n’t think of marrying in any case while the Great Plan was yet in the first stages of its launching; in fact, she did n’t know

that she would ever marry at all — her mission in life might prove too absorbing — but the particular thing that inspired her consistent refusal of Mr. Horde was his skeptical attitude toward the expressed wish of her heart. She thought it was such a great idea, this scheme of hers, and she felt so pleased with herself for inventing it, that she could n't but feel disappointed not to have sympathy and praise from the man she — well, from the man she “liked very much!” Yes, certainly, that was the phrase, the man she “liked very much.” At this point in her cogitations she looked over at Juliet as if half afraid that romanticist would suspect the tenor of her thoughts, which would never do! Juliet was a darling little thing but she was certainly romantic. Young girls often were so, and she, Emma, having long ago put that foolishness behind her, must serve as a check and example to her friend. But there was nothing to fear: Miss Simms was still devouring Rhine Legends with much the same avidity that Emma would have devoured chocolate caramels.

Graham's hostility toward the Great Plan was the more disappointing, thought Emma, resuming

her meditations, because it had developed so soon after her attempt to win approval for it from the Vassar Girls' Suffrage Club, of which she had been president. Emma had yearned for some great mission in life since babyhood, her mother said, and had played philanthropist to many a little darkey child out of her own allowance. Now, after a winter at a German boarding school, as a finish to her two years at Vassar, she had found it — had discovered what her life's work was to be — the liberation of oppressed German womanhood!

But to her surprise and chagrin, upon her return to America, and during the visit she made to her old classmates who were still at college, she found, when she had unfolded to some sixty members of the Vassar Girls' Suffrage Club, her scheme for raising their German sisters from their present low estate as inferior beings to man, that it was received with skepticism and laughter. Only six volunteers for lieutenancies under her banner, in the proposed adventurous and experimental campaign for obtaining votes for women in Germany, were recruited. This was a great shock to Emma, for she was used to leadership

among her mates, and her suggestions hitherto had been listened to with respect and consideration. Miss Daingerfield was descended from the greatest aristocracy of blood which this free and democratic country has ever boasted: that of the South before the war, and her father's wealth had further served to foster her pride of birth so that in a perfectly innocent way, which in her was not at all unattractive, she was something of an autocrat. In spite of the shock of it, the opposition had had the effect of strengthening her determination to carry out her scheme. "I just would n't let them laugh me out of it!" Emma said to herself with pride. But further cogitation on the subject was prevented by a cry from Juliet.

"Oh, Emma, do look!" she cried, jumping from her chair and pointing out across the river, "see over there on that castle, I do believe they're raising the American flag!" Emma looked and rose hastily.

On the opposite side of the river halfway up the vine-clad cliff another relic of medieval days perched itself, a tiny group of toy towers and battlements. It was too far away to discern

human forms, but on the topmost of the three round towers a flagpole showed thin and straight, and up that pole at the present moment a flag was slowly crawling. The girls held their breath. It fluttered capriciously and then reaching the German flag, which, of course, already flew at the top, spread itself gladly to the breeze. They broke into cheers. Juliet was right. It was the star-spangled banner.

“ I wonder who they are ! ” said Juliet.

“ Americans of course, but I do wonder what they want here ! I hope they have n't come to spy on us ! ” Emma frowned anxiously. That was her worst fear, lest some officious, inquisitive American would discover her and Juliet in their retreat on the Rhine, hear the story of their schemes and ambitions, and have them written up in some paper at home. This idea was repugnant to her not only because she could not bear the thought that her offspring, her pet plan for the regeneration of the human race, should be held up to ridicule or because she dreaded the publicity on her own account, but because she feared that premature advertisement of her scheme before its success was assured, might result in its failure.

“Here comes a motor boat!” said Juliet. “It put off from the landing right below the castle.”

“Wretched tourists, I suppose,” said Emma.

“Not in a motor boat,” objected the other, “tourists patronize river steamers!”

“That’s so. But whoever they are they seem to be aiming for Niedenfels!” So they were, and presently to the great interest of the watchers on the terrace above, the motor boat tied up at the stone pier which Adrian Kimberley, among other “modern improvements,” had caused to be built for the accommodation of Miss Daingerfield’s own steam launch.

“Why, it’s Cousin Adrian himself!” exclaimed the latter as a tall man in a checked coat stepped out of the launch and began the ascent of the long, steep flight of new stone steps that wound from the landing past the terrace, and joined the driveway above.

Mr. Kimberley, though he had had the parts of Emma’s medieval habitation, which were required for living purposes, thoroughly restored and had given every thought to the comfort of the modernized interior, had yet been artist enough not to substitute an electric bell for an age-old knocker,

and the postern gate soon resounded to its summons.

“Well, Emma, child, how goes it?” he exclaimed when the big German woman who did duty as housekeeper as well as chaperone, had ushered him in and out upon the terrace where the two girls were sitting. Emma looked at him in amazement.

“Why, Cousin Adrian!” she said, “I thought you were in Paris.”

CHAPTER II



O distinguished was his air, so un-American his appearance, you felt that Adrian Kimberley should have had across his breast strings of glittering orders to prove him a foreign diplomat of note; and with a gem-studded robe about his shoulders and a seat on an elephant's howdah, you might easily have imagined him the maharajah of some vast province in India. The golden tinge to his skin and the blackness of his hair, where it was still untouched by gray, and his mournful eyes with their oriental steadfastness of gaze, at least justified the latter flight of fancy. But he was neither the one nor the other. He was just a man who had grown to be forty-nine years of age without understanding that the world no longer considered him young, and who passed most of his time trying to invent new ways of spending his rather large fortune.

"We thought you were in Paris," the girls reiterated.

"So I was till last night," he said, "then I thought I'd run down and see how you two were getting on." He shook hands warmly with Juliet.

"But, dear Cousin Adrian, where are you staying? Down in the village?" She meant the village of Odenwald on the edge of the forest nearest them. His dark eyes brightened and he smiled a very little.

"Where am I staying? Why, over there of course —" He pointed with his cane to the castle across the river. "In my house."

"Over there? In your *house*?" repeated Emma, while Juliet opened her eyes very wide in her surprise.

"So," he said, "and if you're a good Baby Savage, I'll tell you all about it!"

Emma found him a cushion, Juliet pushed up a wicker-chair, and then they forced him into it and with once voice cried: "Begin!"

"Nothing to tell!" he said, accepting the attentions of the two girls, "except that I've bought a Rhine castle myself, Reichenstein, the one that you see directly opposite, and I'm going to spend

the summer there; nice location, I thought."

"Then it was *you* who ran up the American flag!" exclaimed Juliet.

"Ah, hum! Yes! More or less!" said Kimberley in the disjointed manner of speaking he sometimes employed. "Me or mine henchman! I've got the best man to look after things for me you ever saw, sort of major-domo fellow, German, of course."

"But, Cousin Adrian," expostulated Emma — he was no cousin of hers, by the way, but that was the courteous title she had always accorded her father's closest friend — "what did you do it for?"

He smiled protectingly at her. "I promised your mother I would look after you," he said; "besides, I thought it would amuse me — I have so little to amuse me —" here his dark face grew gloomier still, "and I thought I'd like to see how you two get on with your philanthropic schemes. By the way, you haven't told me just what they are yet. All I heard from your father was that you had a plan for the betterment of the human race, Germans in particular, and he thought it was good for you to be allowed to work it out."

“Yes, mother was the one who opposed me, father always lets me do things if it’s the wish of my heart!” Although she answered him without showing it, Emma did not feel altogether pleased. Cousin Adrian was “an old dear” of course, for old he seemed to her twenty-three years, in spite of his slim elegance of form and smooth-shaven lip, but she did wish he hadn’t taken this fancy to camp down in the castle on the other side of the river and “look after her.”

Emma didn’t want to be looked after. She wanted to be free to do as she liked, to come and go and do as she pleased without interference from other people. And her father had said she might, and it was very provoking of Cousin Adrian to appoint himself her guardian and counsellor-in-chief when he hadn’t been asked to do anything of the kind. But then he had been very good, working so hard to get the castle ready for her, so she mustn’t let him know how she felt about his plan to be her nearest neighbor all summer.

“I never thanked you for all you did to get the castle in order for us,” she said, smiling at him, “it was very kind of you.”

“Yes,” agreed Juliet, “I hope your own castle is as comfortable.” He told them that workmen had been at the task of making it so for a month and that he flattered himself his was as tasty a castle as they had anywhere on the Rhine.

“The robber barons would n’t know Reichenstein if they could see it now!” he said. “But go on, tell me about your schemes; what exactly is the Great Plan, that I’ve heard so much about?” Emma’s eyes sparkled in an instant; she came and sat on a little footstool at Kimberley’s feet and looked eagerly up at him.

“It’s the greatest thing in the world!” she said, and, “The greatest thing in the world,” repeated Juliet the echo.

“No doubt! No doubt!” said the man, sipping the color and brightness of their young enthusiasm as easefully as if it were a long, cool drink, “but that is n’t telling what it is?”

“It’s hard to begin,” said Emma, “but to give you the idea, just generally speaking, it’s a scheme for emancipating the German women from their state of subjection to men—by means of the vote.”

“Oh! Ah! I see. The suffrage question.”

"Yes," said Emma, "we think that by getting them the vote we can free them, as any amount of higher education and women's clubs can never do, from the wretched state of thralldom they are in to their men-kind. A German wife does n't dare call her soul her own."

"How do you know?"

"I've spent a whole winter at a German boarding school, and traveled through the country with my father. Besides, it's a matter of common knowledge among people of intelligence."

"Pardon me," said Adrian gravely, but there was a glint in his black eyes that was anything but grave.

"I once saw a German woman in a street car," continued Emma, driving her point home, "get up and give her seat to a man!"

"And I saw a woman stop in the middle of the street and tie her husband's boot!" added Juliet. Both girls looked deeply shocked.

"Maybe," he said, "but admitting that you're right about the existence of the condition and that the vote is the only remedy, how do you propose to get it, if I may ask?"

"That's the Great Plan," she said, sparkling

at him, "that's why we're living in this funny old castle that you've worked so hard to put in order for us." Adrian made a pretense of putting his hand to his forehead as if losing his wits. "Tell me what it is at once if you would save my reason," he said.

Emma laughed, but sobered instantly. "You must be serious about it, Cousin Adrian, you know, or I can't tell you. It's dreadfully serious." He protested that he would never laugh again if she would only go ahead and tell him "like a good child."

"Well, you see," said Emma, bending forward on the footstool, while Juliet similarly seated did the same, "our plan is to get the German government to permit women to be represented in the Reichstag on the same terms as men, by threatening it with the emigration of all the unmarried women in the kingdom!"

"The emigration of all the unmarried women in the kingdom?" repeated Kimberley stupefiedly. "Great heavens! What words are these?"

Emma nodded. "Yes," she said, "it sounds awfully mean but it's the only thing in my opinion that will bring the Kaiser to his senses. You see,"

she went on confidently, "the men won't like having to go to other countries for their wives, and if the women keep the thing up long enough, the government will give them the vote to make them stop leaving the country." Kimberley stared at her a moment as if she had lost her wits and then broke into prolonged laughter.

"Upon my word!" he said.

"Well," said Emma sharply, "what's the matter with that? Don't you think it *will* give the men a scare when they hear that all the marriageable women in the country are leaving to find husbands in other lands? And you shouldn't laugh, Cousin Adrian; you promised you would be serious."

"But I can't be, you can't expect me to be, about such a preposterous idea as that," he expostulated. "Why, Emma, dear little cousin Emma, it's impossible, don't you see it is?"

"No it is n't," she said calmly, "on the contrary, it is working splendidly this very moment."

He looked, taken aback. "You don't mean to tell me that it's actually in operation, this wild scheme?"

"Yes. No women have actually emigrated

yet, we 've only been here a few weeks, but we 've obtained promises that they will — from hundreds of them."

"But, good Heavens! how?"

"Why," said Emma, "it's very simple," here she visibly swelled with pride, "that's part of the Great Plan. Both Juliet and I speak German, and we go about among the peasant women and villagers and stir them up about their wrongs —"

"Labor agitators, as I live," murmured Adrian parenthetically.

"— and persuade them to emigrate," finished Emma.

"To leave Germany?"

"Yes, to leave a country that holds for them nothing but oppression and domestic servitude."

"And do they listen?"

"Do they? You just should see them! We tell them that in Canada and the United States they'll find better husbands, that won't treat them like servants, and they can't wait to leave!"

He looked amused. "Even so," he said, "I should hardly think you'd cover a great deal of ground, just you two!"

"But there are more of us, you see," she ex-

plained. "We have established stations in different parts of the country, about half a dozen of them, with lieutenants in command whose duty it is to disaffect the women in their district and persuade them to leave the country. Our recruits are forming new stations all the time. This castle is headquarters and I'm president and Juliet is secretary. Of course we take care of the Rhine district, too. And so the gospel of leaving what you don't like spreads from farm to farm and village to village."

"But why only the country people? Why don't you go to cities, too?"

"We're beginning with them first because we can get the movement under way more unobtrusively, and then too they are most of them in a greater state of subjection to men. Why the women even plow in the fields!"

"But look here, that's all very well," said Kimberley, betrayed for the moment into arguing seriously, "but what are you going to do about the financial side of the business? You can't expect people to pull up stakes and leave the country without involving a great deal of expense: how do your converts afford it?"

“How do all the servant girls who emigrate afford it?” replied Emma briskly. “Besides, the union helps about that, a lot. Any strike in the world, and this movement of ours is nothing else, meets that difficulty, and it meets it by organizing. And we have done the same. We’ve formed those interested in the plan into a union which arranges about transportation and reduces the cost of it to the smallest possible figure. Oh, it’s all on a business basis, I assure you!”

“You don’t mean it!” gasped Adrian with a look of unwilling admiration for the administrative talent of Miss Daingerfield which, however misapplied he might consider it, seemed to him in one so young to amount almost to genius.

But presently he rose and began to walk up and down the terrace before the two girls and his expression all at once became serious enough even to satisfy Emma.

“The idea!” he said, coming to a sudden halt before them, “the very idea of your setting yourselves up, you two young girls — against the most autocratic and bureaucratic government in the world! The next thing you know you’ll have the German police down on you: I suppose you had n’t

thought that your plan might be against the laws of the country? ”

“ No, we had n’t, but we don’t care if it is. We ’re American citizens and these old Germans can’t touch us. Besides,” Miss Daingerfield added hurriedly with feminine lack of logic, “ they ’ll never know a thing about it; we ’re keeping our part in the plan secret! That ’s why we came here to live in this old castle away from everybody! ”

Adrian smiled, but it was a defeated smile. “ Well,” he said, suddenly remembering with admiration that father’s wisdom which had permitted Emma to work out her wild scheme without even attempting to argue, “ I see it ’s no use trying to persuade you to give it up — but just to think of it! ” here he shook his head whimsically, “ that my little cousin, pride of Kentucky’s hunting fields, and belle of I don’t know how many ballrooms should have turned suffragette! ”

Whether this speech was pleasing to Emma or not Kimberley had no chance to discover, for at that moment the housekeeper, Frau Tilly Bloem, who with her fifteen-year-old daughter, made up the entire indoor staff of the castle help, appeared

upon the terrace and announced a visitor to see "Fraulein Emma."

"Who is it?" inquired Emma.

"Frau von Eberhart, her name she said it was," replied Tilly.

"I never heard the name before," said Emma, "but show her up, Tilly, please; I'll see her out here."

The Frau von Eberhart proved to be a tall, awkward type of woman much swathed in voluminous black wraps. It was hard to tell what her face looked like because her veil and bonnet almost completely concealed it.

"It's a great pleasure for me to meet you, Miss Daingerfield," she said in a low, deep voice, when the introductions had been made and she had been seated. "I am so much interested in this new movement of yours to obtain the emancipation of my countrywomen." This address, as you may imagine, captured Emma's fancy at once and a little more conversation finished the matter. The Frau von Eberhart, it appeared, had a brute of a husband. She recounted her wrongs so movingly, indeed, that Emma felt compelled to give way to her sense of humor.

“You want a divorce, not the vote I fear,” she said smilingly. But the visitor was quite sure it was the vote. “Then and not until then,” she said, “shall I be on an equal footing and able to deal with him.” And she went on to tell how she had recently come into the possession of a vast fortune and that she wanted to devote it and herself to the furthering of the cause, or, in other words, the Great Plan. Emma could hardly suppress her joy when she heard this. She threw Juliet a glance of ecstasy. Here was a valuable ally indeed, a woman of wealth who was being abused by her husband! What a splendid lieutenant she would make!

“I shall be only too delighted to accept your aid,” she assured her caller after a few moments more talk. “I need a station in your part of the country. I will make you out papers at once installing you in a lieutenancy, if you will come to the office.”

“The Fraulein is very kind,” said the newly-made officer, rising as Emma did.

“I will show you over the castle afterward,” Miss Daingerfield went on, “this is our headquarters, you know, and I want you to see just how

Miss Simms and I run things so that you can model your own station on the same plan. Come Juliet. Cousin Adrian, you will excuse us?" Kimberley told them that he had intended for some time to return to his own castle, bade them adieu and went off whistling down the steep descent to the landing.

Frau von Eberhart proved a delightful visitor to show over the castle, she was so enthusiastic about everything. The two girls had quite a time getting her out of the office, once they arrived there. She wanted to finger and touch all that she saw. The typewriter interested her immensely — especially when she heard that clever little Juliet had learned to run it herself so as to have no outsiders in on the secrets of the Great Plan — Emma's big mahogany desk covered with letter files and account books apparently filled her with excitement, while the maps on the walls showing the exact location of each station so engrossed her attention that they could hardly induce her to leave. Juliet was a little indignant; thought the lady was too free with her hands, and altogether too curious.

"She does n't have to sit down and read that report of Lieutenant Dolly Price's all through,"

she whispered while the subject of her criticism was engaged in perusing the letter.

"I don't object," Emma whispered back, "it shows such enthusiasm and interest. She wants to see what Miss Price has been doing and how to report: it's her anxiety to learn how to conduct her own station that makes her act that way."

Nevertheless Juliet remained indignant for it was the same thing over again downstairs. The visitor exclaimed over everything: the stained glass in the castle library, or Alte Bau, as it was called, the grand piano in the Königs-Saal — that room which in medieval days was reserved for the use of the women of the house — and the comfort and luxury that was everywhere in such sharp contrast to the bleak twelfth century aspect of the exterior.

"Ach!" she exclaimed in her deep voice, "What a sight for those old Palatine princes and robber barons that used to live here if they could return and see the castle now!"

"Yes," said Emma, "velvet underfoot where there were rushes and cold stone floors, divans and chairs where there were stools and benches, student lamps and electric lights where there were pine torches — I just think it would surprise

them!" She looked around at the walls covered with medieval paintings, and the deep window embrasures, twelve feet thick some of them, and glowed with pride. Yes, it *was* a nice castle, and her very own.

"The architect wanted to cut down the size of some of the chimney places but Miss Daingerfield would n't let him," said Juliet when they came to the kitchen, "however we did have to let him put in a modern cooking stove here. We simply could n't roast an ox whole every time we wanted to dine, could we, Tilly?" Tilly and her daughter Greta, who were observing the visitor's interest in the new range with stolid pleasure, smiled and shook their trim heads. "Ach! Nein," they said.

The tour of inspection was ended at last and Emma and Juliet and the Frau von Eberhart stopped in the Schlosshof, or castle yard, a moment while Emma finished giving her the last details of the secrets of the Great Plan and instructing her in her duties as lieutenant.

Tilly and Heinrich, an old man who did the garden and rough work of the castle, were standing at the gate ready to let down the ancient portcullis which had been put in perfect working order

and was by Emma's commands always kept raised.

"You have treated me very handsomely," said Frau von Eberhart in her wonderfully good English, the German flavor of which was so little apparent, "I shall begin operations in my district at once. Good-by." From her method of expressing herself it might have been a New York precinct captain talking to his political superior instead of woman to woman.

A sensation that something queer had happened or was about to happen came over Emma as the Frau von Eberhart turned to cross the courtyard. She saw the smiling faces of Tilly and old Heinrich, the brackish water in the moat reflecting the afternoon sun, the ravens cawing about the topmost tower of Niedenfels, as if in a dream. It was with an effort that she called after her visitor: "Remember, you're under a vow of secrecy, not a word of the Great Plan to outsiders —"

Are you surprised or are you not to hear that at this point the supposed German frau threw back her head, so that her bonnet and veil fell to one side, screwed up her handsome eyes, screwed up her handsome nose and giggled like a girl? Only it was a deep, bass giggle. Emma laid her hand

on her side, and Juliet who was standing by her saw her turn pale, and then as if impelled by that clutch at her heart the red blood came leaping to her face.

“Graham!” she cried, “Graham Horde!”

CHAPTER III



HE sound of his name, which made it clear that his identity was discovered, caused the young reporter, for he it was, to become suddenly serious. Had his fatal sense of humor betrayed him into the hands of the enemy just as he had been on the point of escaping with the material for the Sunday paper "story" he had come all the way to Germany to get? It looked like it, unless flight could save him. Acting on the thought, he gathered up, into a firm masculine clutch, the voluminous black skirts which had so well disguised him as Frau von Eberhart, disclosing thereby a pair of blue trousered legs, gray silk ankles, and heavy shoes, and sprinted for the gate.

But Emma was too quick for him. Though wounded to the heart by the treachery of her well-beloved — the object of which was only too plain to one who knew his ardor for his profession — she had her faculties all about her.

“Up drawbridge! Down with the portcullis!” she shouted and was instantly obeyed. Without even looking around, so excellent was the discipline maintained, Tilly and old Heinrich loosened the chains and pulleys and tightened levers and the drawbridge slowly reared itself to the height of the gate towers. At the same time the fifteenth century portcullis as capable now of keeping people out who wanted to get in, and of keeping people in who wanted to get out as it had been then, with well-oiled smoothness slid down into place.

Exactly one second later, Mr. Graham Horde, special reporter for the *New York Globe*, arrived breathless with running in unaccustomed skirts, and flung himself against its iron side. It was not very difficult after that for Heinrich, ably assisted by the stout Tilly, to seize the young man, encumbered as he was by his feminine attire, and bind his arms behind his back with his own belt. Just as this task had been completed Emma and Juliet came running up.

“Graham, how could you!” gasped Miss Dangerfield.

Juliet opened her brown eyes very wide.

"Then you *know* him!" she said to her friend.

"Rather!" volunteered the captive, grinning.

"Only too well!" said the captor sternly. "So well indeed that it is n't difficult for me to divine your object in entering my house in this ridiculous disguise and prying into my secrets."

"Well, you know I'm a reporter," muttered the prisoner, digging at the red flagstones under his feet like a little boy caught in a scrape.

"Meaning, I suppose, that it's your *business* to pry?"

"Exactly!" replied Horde, looking up eagerly to see if there were hope of clemency, "you see I've been promoted to special reporter for Sunday-page work; they liked my idea of writing up you girls and your plan and —"

Emma stopped him with a terrible glance. "Never mind about that now," she said, "as I was going to say when you interrupted me, however that may be about prying being a reporter's business, it is n't your business to pry into the secrets of your friends, and it is n't the part of an honorable man to make capital out of them!" This was pretty severe and Horde hastened to defend himself.

“ I could n't help it, Savage! ” he said eagerly. “ The minute I told them about it they said it was a great idea, and sent me over after you on the next ship; and I knew I could n't get in any other way, so I disguised myself.”

“ I should think you did,” interrupted Emma, with a scornful glance at his skirts. Horde looked down at them and then grew slowly red.

“ I did n't like it much,” he murmured, then went on hurriedly and pleadingly: “ You see it would have made a bully story. I can just see the headlines: ‘ Two young society girls in strange venture. Southern heiress invents novel method for advancing cause of suffrage ’; or, perhaps, ‘ Feminine philanthropist seeks franchise for German sisters ’; or else, ‘ Rhine castle turned into headquarters for suffrage movement by fanciful freak of young millionairess,’ or else —”

“ Stop! ” commanded Emma, her face rosy with wrath at the nonchalance with which the prisoner rattled off those fantastic headlines that were so distasteful to her; then, turning to Heinrich, “ take him to the lowest dungeon in the castle,” she said, “ and keep him there till I tell you what to do with him! ”

“Achscuse me, Fraulein Emma,” said Heinrich, bowing respectfully while he wound his arm more closely in the young man’s, “there iss but von dungeon in ter castle and it is not fit for dogs! Fraulein knows it is a room which Mr. Kimberley he have not had done over!” Here the prisoner saw fit to indulge his reckless sense of humor again and laughed aloud. The idea of “doing-over” a dungeon amused him. Now it is not quite certain that Emma, when she threatened him with a dungeon, had meant to carry out her threat. Any room in that castle of barred windows and thick walls would have imprisoned him successfully. Perhaps she only meant then, to scare him, and certainly it was delicious to feel that she did in fact own a real live dungeon to threaten with! But that fatal laugh of Horde’s stirred her to a decision.

“What does that matter?” she inquired of Heinrich sharply. “Mr. Horde is not a guest, he is a prisoner. Take him at once to the dungeon!” She waved her hand imperiously toward the banqueting hall on the other side of the Schlosshof, deep below which was the place in question. And this though she had herself seen the dungeon on

her first visit to the castle and knew it for a horrid black shuddery hole with shiny walls. Oh, Emma! That Daingerfield temper, slow to arouse but deadly when once under way, was no inheritance for a girl! Without another word Heinrich led the young man away.

"I think it's too exciting for anything," said Juliet that night coming into Emma's room, "who'd ever think we'd have a prisoner for our dungeon!" Not being a romanticist and having an interest in the said prisoner which Juliet was yet far from suspecting, Emma did not look at the matter quite in that light.

"I don't think it's exciting a bit," she replied, "I think it's just a shame."

"But Emma," gabbled the heedless Juliet, "you don't seem to consider, it's an adventure, and you know we were just looking for adventures the other day!"

"*You* were, Miss Simms, I was n't!" corrected Emma tartly.

Juliet laughed. Emma's southern way of making the "s" in "Miss" and "Mrs." sound like "z," always amused her. "Don't be cross," she said. "You know you're as pleased about it as

I am! Was n't it fine when he tried to escape?
It was as good as a scene out of *Marmion*!"

"Lord Marmion turned," she began in a declamatory manner,

"— well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, grazed his plume.

Oh, I loved it!" She clasped her hands in rapture and looked ardently toward Emma for sympathy.

Emma was at that moment climbing into the little brass bed which a fond and foolish father had shipped to her from home because she said she could n't sleep as well in any other, and she waited until she had settled herself on her pillows before she spoke. Her hair was strained back from her forehead to keep it out of her eyes so that the braids stuck out at right angles, and this effect, combined with a big bow of blue ribbon on the top of her head, and her neat suit of pale blue pajamas, gave her the appearance of a little girl of twelve. But there was nothing childlike about her expression. She looked severely at Juliet.

"Don't be foolish. *Marmion* indeed!" she said. But Juliet did n't hear. She was off again.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels," she spouted at the top of her sweet young voice,

"Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these
Whose far white walls along them shine
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy were *thou* with me!"

The Baby Savage clicked her teeth together and flounced over in bed. "If you don't stop, Juliet," she said in a high unnatural tone, "I'll cry!"

Juliet stopped in the middle of a second verse of *Childe Harold* and looked at her in amazement. "Of course I'll stop if you really want me to," she said, "I did n't know you felt like that, old chap," and went out of the room.

The door had hardly closed upon her when Emma burst into tears.

It was a horrid night. She hardly slept at all. First a mouse scrambling in the chimney-place woke her, then the sound of the wind that fled down the Rhine valley, tapping at her window as

it passed. At least these were the things which, Emma told herself, kept her awake. In reality it was her remorse for commanding Graham to the dungeon. Of course her brain could find nothing else for itself to do than picture him spending the night with his feet in a pool of water all by himself down in a deep, dark dungeon.

The mouse in the chimney-place squeaked and scrambled some more. A terrible thought struck Emma — perhaps there were mice, no, rats! down there in Graham's dungeon! That was too much. It was three o'clock in the morning, but undeterred by that fact, she put on her stockings and slippers, wrapped herself and her pajamas in a big white coat and taking a candle (there were no electric lights in that room far below the castle where Graham was), drew back the bolt of the thick beechen door and slipped out into the hall, dungeon-bound. And when I tell you that anxiety for the safety of her lover made her forget her vanity and her tightly braided hair, the cold cream on her little face, and her unconventional attire, you may guess whether it was real or not!

Down the rough stairs of crumbling tufa, covered at Adrian Kimberley's direction by a strip of

gray velvet carpet, tripped Emma, candle held high, her blue eyes peering awesomely into the great rooms below. Through the Alte Bau she went, where the busts of former Wittelsbachs, counts of the palatine, gleamed palely at her in the darkness; through the gloomy and deserted Bandhaus; down wide halls, tapestry hung, where military relics of feudal days threatened her from the walls; down the great stairway lined with allegorical statues, that led to the entrance hall, and at last out into the Schlosshof. For she had to cross the Schlosshof, this brave Emma, in order to reach her goal — the building called the Otho's Bau, which Kimberley had not had restored for her use, and which contained the banqueting hall. Beneath this scene of oldtime revelry was the dungeon where poor Graham was confined. It seemed almost as if the thought that a fellow-being was languishing in a pestilence-breeding hole, some hundreds of feet below them, had added to the pleasure of those same ancient revelers.

Emma was most awfully afraid to do what she was doing — cross the great hall with its gorgeous rafters all bedecked with the arms of the house of

Wittelsbach, descend three flights of narrow winding stairs and patter through three long vaulted casemated passages with a candle for her only light. On every stair she heard a footfall behind her, through every passage the ghosts of fierce be-whiskered robber barons pursued her, and the wind from unseen open places blew chillily round her ankles. But the thought of what Graham's suffering must be if the mere getting to the dungeon so dismayed her, stayed and supported her till at last she reached the big square room where the pit in the earth, more properly called a dungeon, was located. Raising the candle she saw its black open mouth gaping at her from the middle of the floor of tufa stone. Trembling, she pattered to its edge.

"Graham!" she called. But no beloved voice replied. She became aware instead of another noise, a strange unaccountable murmuring that at first she did not recognize. It seemed to come from the other side of the wall next to which wound the staircase she had just descended. She went and put her ear to it, and the murmuring grew loud and merged into a continuous rushing sound. Then she knew. It was the Rhine! The dis-

covery frightened her. If that was indeed the river, those passages and stairs had brought her far, much farther down into the depths of the earth than she had dreamed possible. She flew back to the edge of the pit and held her candle out over it and peered down.

"Graham!" she called sharply. He did not answer. Good heavens, had the rats eaten him up? Had he drowned in that stagnant pool of water she had herself seen by daylight at the bottom of the place? Frantic in a moment, she set her candle by the pit's edge and kneeling, gazed down into its forbidding depths.

"Darling!" she sobbed, "I love you! Answer me!" But no voice came up to her from the darkness.

"I love you more than anyone in the world," wept Emma, giving way unrestrainedly to her sudden terror of the adventure and her fear for what Graham's plight might be. "And I'm sorry I put you in the dungeon! Forgive me! Forgive me!" This time she received an answer, but a queer one.

A great yawn, the very father yawn of all yawns indeed, rolled itself up to her, echoing against the

sides of the pit. But the ear of love is quick, and Emma recognized in it Graham's tones. Then a sleepy voice called out: "Who's that? Got anything to eat?"

Infinite relief seized the girl — he was alive then — but at the same time, and this is consistent with the psychology of feminine nature, infinite anger seized her also.

Had he been calmly and peacefully asleep then, all this time while she had been weeping over him, lavishing upon him her love and pity? But a second thought came to her in time to make her glad he had not heard those wild words in which had been a betrayal of all she felt for him. An alert fully awake repetition of his question "Who's that?" on Graham's part extracted an answer from her.

"It's me, Emma," she said ungrammatically and coldly, just as if it were a perfectly natural, ordinary thing for her to be in that dismal place at such an hour. Thunder-struck silence from Graham; then, in a moment:

"Well, what do you want?" That was no way to reply. Emma was indignant. Here she had come all the way through all those fearsome pas-

sages because she was anxious about him and all he said was, "What do you want?"

"I came to let you out," she said in hurt tones.

"Very good of you," replied the voice of Graham, "but I don't exactly see how you're going to do it. Janitor had to have a ladder to get me down here and I don't know where he's put it."

Emma glanced around the four bare walls but saw no ladder. "I didn't think of that; what shall I do?"

"Don't do anything," he said, "I'm very comfortable where I am." This ruffled Emma. She considered it mere bravado, and she didn't like him to take what she intended for the severest possible punishment, so lightly.

"Don't be silly," she said, "you know perfectly well you're as uncomfortable as can be, up to your neck in water and no bed to lie on."

"Wrong again," called the prisoner gayly, "there's straw two feet deep down here and I'm lying on a nice new clean mattress, and what's more I have some cigarettes." Emma was stupefied.

"But how," she cried, "how did you get all those things?"

"I did n't get them," he replied, "that old Kris Kringle of yours got them for me."

"Heinrich?"

"I suppose so, if that's Mr. Kringle's first name!"

"But why," gasped Emma, bewildered by this unexpected display of humanity on the part of the old gardener, "why did he do it? I told him —"

"You told him," interrupted Graham's voice, "to throw me into the deepest and darkest dungeon there was, but you see he had a tenderer heart than you have, besides,—" this with a perfectly horrid chuckle, "*I gave him fifty marks; that might have influenced him.*"

Then Emma was mad! Her servants bribed, her orders disobeyed, the punishment robbed of half its horrors! It was too much!

"I think," she called, "I think you're the very most disagreeable outrageous *person* I ever heard about, and I don't care if you stay in that old dungeon all your life, and I'm going away, and I'm never coming back again!" She snatched her candle and jumped to her feet.

Now Graham was genuinely angry with her. He had not thought her capable of really inflicting

upon a friend a night in that unpleasant place just for doing in the interests of his profession what he considered was no worse than playing a practical joke. Emma's own profession as suffrage promoter of course he never could take seriously. But however that may have been, at that moment he was only conscious that he did n't want her to go away.

"All right," he called up to her, "go if you like! You don't care I suppose if I die down here, eaten alive by rats!"

"Rats!" gasped Emma, forgetting her anger as the original cause of her anxiety for him was called to her mind. "Oh, Graham, there are n't really rats, are there?" She knelt again by the pit's edge. A long sigh came up to her.

"Are n't there though? Great big ones with long curly tails and wicked yellow teeth!" An awe-stricken whisper floated down to him.

"Have they — do they — are you *bitten*?"

"All over me," Graham answered with cruelly well-simulated accents of pain. And at that Emma burst into loud crying. "Rats!" she sobbed, "Oh, dear, oh, dear! I wish I had n't done it!" A sudden exclamation from below and

the sound of feet scuffling through straw came to her.

“Good God!” said Graham’s voice, this time in accents of genuine distress. She stopped crying at once. “What is the matter?” she asked anticipating some new terror.

“You’re crying,” he answered and his voice was so close she knew he must be standing erect just below her, “and I’m not there to comfort you.” This was so good to hear that Emma immediately fell to crying again.

Graham was silent for a moment and then Emma heard him say in a perfectly desperate voice: “Look out! I’m coming up!” Then came the noise of running feet and a great scrambling at the wall. But he could n’t do it, poor fellow. Not even a first-class athlete, such as he was, can run up fifteen feet of stone wall without the aid of a rope! He fell back with an exclamation that quite startled Emma.

“Pile the straw up and put the mattress on top,” she said and forgot all about crying and held the candle out along the edge so that he could see, oblivious of the fact that her costume was anything but conventional.

Graham looked up at her gladly and worked with a will, but alas! the mattress was very thin and refused to stand upright and when rolled and placed on end it only brought the poor prisoner's head within three feet of the top. "Hang it!" said the young reporter miserably. In spite of the cold cream and the stiff pigtails, all his hope in life seemed centred on reaching that bright face above him. Emma too, curiously enough, was now as anxious to get her lover out of the dungeon as she had been to get him in. She was deeply disappointed in the failure of the mattress plan.

"I suppose we'll have to wait until morning when Heinrich comes," she said sadly.

"It's nearly morning now," he replied and she saw him light a match to look at his watch. "Half-past four!"

"Mercy!" Emma said, suddenly conscious of her costume, "I should think so! He'll be here any minute: I must go. But, Graham, promise me," her voice grew very earnest, "promise me if I let you out you won't go back home and tell all about the Great Plan in your old newspaper. I don't want people to know about it until it's a success, and you know I hate publicity."

"I could n't promise that, Baby Savage," said Graham trying to soften his refusal by a pet name.

"I'm a reporter for the *Daily Globe*, and they gave me this assignment and if I'm free to go back home, I'll have to hand in my story, that's all."

"And how did they come to give you this assignment, pray?" questioned Emma, with a return of her magisterial manner; "you must have told them about it first. They don't know me —"

"But they know *of* you, don't they? You've visited at Newport, have n't you? And had your picture in *Town and Country*?"

"That's no reason why they should know anything about my plan to advance the cause of woman suffrage in Germany is it?"

"No," confessed Graham, "but you see the editor of the *Sunday Page* is a great chap and a friend of mine, and when I told him about it, the day after I'd seen you off on the boat, just because I thought it would amuse him, you know, he said it was the best story he'd ever heard, and if I'd get the material for a write-up, he'd pay my expenses over and give me five hundred dollars beside!"

"So you were willing to betray my confidence,

for you knew it was a secret, for money!" Emma said as dramatically as she could and as scathingly.

There was no answer for a moment, and then a subdued, husky voice said: "You make it sound pretty rotten but if you knew what I wanted the money for, perhaps you wouldn't think so badly of me."

"What *did* you want the money for?" asked Emma, and, although she knew there was only one answer to *that*, it thrilled her to the soul when Graham whispered, "For you."

"Dear Greggyl" she murmured. It was a nickname she sometimes called him when she felt tenderest toward him. The young man sprang to the top of the rolled mattress: "Reach down your hand, Emma," he urged, balancing himself incredibly; "if you do I think we could just touch." Protesting but obedient Emma put down her candle, laid flat down on the cold stone floor, and reached down her little arm into the blackness of the dungeon.

"Oh, Graham, it isn't long enough!" she complained. "We can't do it."

"Yes, we can!" said that indomitable fellow and straining up on tiptoe he reached with all his

might and, lo! the fingers of his right hand came in contact with the fingers of her left. He saw the gleam of his own signet ring on the middle knuckle, the ring she said she wore for fun because they were "friends." Yes, glory of glories, miracle of miracles, their hands touched, and even the most fortunate of lovers that moment had need to envy them!

"Dear Greggry!" whispered the girl as if suddenly inspired by that electric touch, "I know what we'll do! We'll let you out of here the first thing in the morning, but we'll have a blacksmith come and put an iron chain and ball on your leg; then you can't escape, and you won't have to go back and tell all my secrets to your paper. You can stay here with a free conscience, and we can have the best time in the world!" The absurd side of Emma's novel method of solving both their problems did not apparently strike Graham at all.

"The best time in the world! Bully for you!" he echoed from the dungeon, frantically endeavoring to squeeze the fingertips that he could only just touch.

"Well, then, good-by!" she said, getting up.

“ Good-by, jailer! ”

“ Good-by, prisoner! ” She was gone.

As Miss Daingerfield had said it would be, so it was. After breakfast the next morning a blacksmith was summoned and a fine romantic rusty chain with ball attached was selected with great care by Juliet from the castle arsenal. It was adjusted to the released prisoner's leg by a padlock and the key given to Emma, and only at night when Heinrich had safely imprisoned him in his room was he allowed to unlock it.

At first Graham found the heavy thing uncomfortable to wear, but it was not long before he grew accustomed to it.

“ I must try to get fond of it,” he would say humorously, “ since we are to become such inseparable companions.”

And he would hobble about with most surprising agility, dragging the great iron ball after him over stone floors and rich rugs with the utmost gayety, or carrying it in his arms for as long as he could stand its weight. This he did to the never ending delight of Juliet and the great pride of Emma, who thought it had been a brilliant idea of hers so to arrange matters.

CHAPTER IV



HERE are many kinds of women in Germany beside what is known as the "hausfrau"; women who practice the arts and sciences, women who do nothing but loiter in rich turnouts on the fashionable drives of its big cities, and those who belong to the immense army of wage earners. But the woman whose interests in life the Kaiser has limited to the "four k's"—*Kinder, Kleider, Kirche* and *Kuche*, or children, clothes, church, and cooking — is the one who forms the German ideal of womanhood, and it is the busy hausfrau whom the world has come to accept as the true type of German woman. It was in her, in the hausfrau, therefore, because her type was in the majority, and because she was most tyrannized over by mankind, that Emma was most interested.

The woman whose position in her own household was that of an unpaid servant, who per-

formed menial labor for the master of the house if she lived in a village, and labor in the fields if she lived on a farm; the woman who submitted to a law which permitted her husband to dispose of her property without consulting her unless the contrary was stated at the time of marriage, was the one in whose behalf Emma's sympathies were specially enlisted, and for whom she most desired the vote.

Though she knew that Germany boasted a Feminist movement of importance which manifested itself in women's clubs of every description, which were to accomplish every reform under the sun, and that higher education was making intellectual progress more certain, she realized that it was far behind the United States in respect to feminine emancipation, and that very little had been done to obtain equal suffrage.

This she was firmly persuaded was a necessity, and also that the thinking majority of women in Germany did not sufficiently understand, what she herself was convinced of, that domestic and economic liberty could only go hand in hand with political enfranchisement. And it was this political liberty that she had come to Germany to

try to give them by means of the unique scheme she called the "Great Plan."

Emma and Juliet had done what they considered a good day's work for the cause — that is to say they had motored over to the little village of Eberach, some twenty miles away from Niedenfels, just as they had motored to many other villages on other days, and thoroughly canvassed it. They had walked through miles of narrow streets lined with what Emma called "cuckoo clock" houses, as narrow as the streets themselves, with steep, high roofs like the steep, tall hats of the high cheek-boned men who owned them. They had crossed dozens of children-cluttered thresholds, spouted eloquent German to as many hausfraus — stout apple-faced women with hard hands forever scouring, forever busy — chatted with pink-faced young women with yellow braids wound flatly around their heads, and full white aprons, had wandered through market-places noisy with peasants selling and buying provisions, and had gathered recruits everywhere, till darkness put an end to their labors.

"Were n't the babies dear?" said Juliet, as they returned to the inn where they had lunched



Canvassing for the Cause



at noon, and told the chauffeur to get the car out. "I never saw so many in my life. It was hard not to step on them."

"It was just a fine haul!" said Emma, getting into the waiting automobile. What she meant was that as a result of the door-to-door canvass of Eberach, fifteen unmarried young women had given their word to leave the fatherland and emigrate, persuaded thereto by the silver tongues of the two young enthusiasts, Miss Daingerfield and Miss Simms, who, forgetful of every consideration save that of accomplishing their object, had painted America as a sort of promised land for the tyrant-ridden women of Germany. They described it as a land that flowed with the milk and honey of man's considerate treatment of woman, where the Teutonic kind of husband was unknown, and the American kind grew on every tree.

"There are a thousand inhabitants in Eberach," Emma said, continuing her calculations after they had wrapped themselves in their linen dusters and the car was under way for Niedenfels Castle, "of which, let us say, half are women. If we persuade fifteen per cent. of five hundred women to emigrate, that'll be in all, seventy-five."

“Yes,” said Juliet, lying back in the tonneau and listening dreamily to her friend as she continued her optimistic calculations.

“And that number added to the three hundred promises we’ve already obtained from Lauterbach, Mannheim, and Bingen makes nearly four hundred women that have promised to leave Germany within the month. Just wait till *that* comes to the Kaiser’s ears!” She flushed with anticipatory success.

“Yes,” said Juliet, waking up suddenly, “and when you think of all the promises Dolly Price and the other lieutenants have obtained in their parts of the country, why —”

“Why, you certainly can see your favorite horse coming in under the wire,” said the young lady from Kentucky; and though her dear little dignity as a rule made her niggardly of such demonstrations, she hugged the younger girl ecstatically.

Niefenfels was becoming very gay. The presence of the compulsory guest, Mr. Horde, made it gay; the comings and goings of Adrian Kimberley from his castle across the river made it gay; and now its gayety had been added to by the

arrival of still another guest, making it seem, as Juliet said, "exactly like a house-party."

The new arrival was Sigart von Hesse-Schwerin, an exceedingly handsome young German gräfin whom Emma and Juliet had met at their school in Munich. She had black hair combed straight back from an engaging widow's peak on her forehead, a brilliant white and red complexion, and an amiable temper. For other recommendations to Emma's favor, she was related to a royal princess and would obey the captivating little American's least command, so great was her devotion.

"Ah, Emma, my dear one!" she said — she spoke English well — "you have had your way! I have lost my poor Adalbert!" Here she shed tears.

The three girls were sitting in Emma's room on the day of the young countess's arrival, while her maid unpacked her things, when this distressing incident occurred.

Emma's ready color rose but rather impatiently than guiltily. "I suppose you mean that you've broken with your fiancé?" she said calmly. The countess, who had stopped crying, nodded with her face in her handkerchief.

“But, my dear girl,” Miss Daingerfield went on, in expostulating tones, “what could you expect? I could n’t let you be one of the chief officers of the Niedenfels Suffrage Emigration Society”—that was the name she had given her project—“and come here and stay at headquarters with Juliet and me, when all the time you meant to marry one of the enemies of the cause, could I?”

“I suppose not,” sniffed Sigart von Hesse-Schwerin, “but it’s hard, very hard! Of course, I think everything of you and Juliet, and I think the Great Plan is splendid, but Adalbert—I do love Adalbert! And it’s hard to give him up forever and ever!” She threatened tears again.

“Now, don’t do that!” advised Emma hastily, while Juliet sympathetically proffered cake and tea from a nearby table, “don’t cry, Sigart, it’s silly of you. I never said you would have to give Adalbert up forever and ever. Only till he promises to be good and turn suffragist!”

“But he never will! He says he’d rather give up the army and turn clerk! He says it’s unmanly! He says it’s foreign to his principles and his bringing up!”

“ Well, what if he does? It does n’t matter. Don’t you see, of course he says that at first, they all do ”— she was thinking of Graham —“ but you can be perfectly certain he ’ll come round to your way of thinking when he ’s been forbidden the sight of you for a month or two ! ”

“ Do you think so? ” said the countess, brightening a little — her rather ponderous mind was a source of great amusement to the two Americans —“ We were to have been married in June ! ”

“ Mercy, yes ! ” said the others together, “ And if he does n’t you ’re no worse off than I am myself,” Emma added. “ I ’m not going to marry Mr. Horde until he promises the same thing, and it ’s more than likely, if the cause needs too much of my time, that I won’t marry at all ! ” She wanted them to know that she never asked her lieutenants to do what she would not do herself.

“ But he ’s right in the castle with you,” said Juliet the just; “ you can see him all the time at least, that makes it a little easier for you than it does for Sigart, does n’t it? ”

But Emma refused to admit it did.

“ Oh, Heaven ! If I could but see him ! My Adalbert ! ” moaned the bereaved one, finding that

she was likely to be forgotten in the heat of the discussion, and the other two had to leave their arguing and fall to comforting her again, and this they did with such success that by the time they were ready to dress for dinner she had consumed two large cups of tea and was laughing hysterically at Juliet's reminiscences of their school days, and the two unsophisticated French girls who had never gone to the theater in their lives and were shocked at everything, and who thought the ditty, "I love coffee, I love tea, I love the boys and the boys love me," as rendered by Juliet, was "the devil" of a song.

Adrian Kimberley had made up his mind to give a dinner, and in consequence the castle of Reichenstein, his castle, was in a great state of excitement. A *chef* was sent for from Paris, and one of the smaller rooms, on the ground floor, was being remodelled to look like the Pompeian room in a certain Chicago hotel. Emma was a daughter of wealth herself, but she was a practical soul, and she could n't help remonstrating with him about the cost of the latter proceeding. He told her that it was a strange thing if he could n't think of a new way to spend money without being

scolded for it, and that he always stayed at that hotel when he went to Chicago, and that lately he'd felt homesick for the Pompeian room. Emma could say no more because Kimberley was giving the dinner in honor of her friend, the Gräfin Sigart von Hesse-Schwerin, and she did n't think it would be polite. And certainly it could not be denied that the evening was a success.

The dining-room was a beautiful replica of the room after which it was copied. Everything was complete, from lava-red walls, stone columns and hanging globes of light, to the murmurous fountain that played in its green jade basin in the center of the mosaic floor. The only point of dissimilarity was that Kimberley had substituted for the usual small tables a specially constructed one which encircled the fountain, having room for seats only on the outer side of it.

"I want everybody to see the fountain all the time," he explained proudly. It was a costly toy and it was very evident that he did n't want that fact forgotten.

But the French *chef*, and the waiters from a Heidelberg hotel, and the fountain were not the only imported features of the affair. Some of the

guests themselves had also been brought to Reichenstein for the occasion. These were friends of Adrian's, who had a large acquaintance and was himself related to an English family of distinction. They constituted Victor Rodite, a French sculptor of international reputation; Olaf Sellig, a pale-faced young Norwegian who had invented a submarine boat; Borlock Demetri Bashki, a Russian prince whom Adrian had picked up in Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Loring, English people who happened to be staying at Heidelberg and who had consented to chaperone the party for their friend Adrian, and a young German officer in the white trousers and black coat of the Berlin Black Watch, who was the Burgraf u Graf zu Dohna-Findenstein. He had been motoring down the Rhine, had stopped to inquire the names of the castles round about which were worth seeing, and had been pressed by the hospitable American to stay for dinner.

If Adrian had done well in the matter of rebuilding and equipping Emma's castle, he had done no less for himself. The living-room at Reichenstein was rich in ease and color and taste, no comfort of home was lacking and luxuries undreamed

of in the ordinary home asked for appreciation on every side. There were punkahs from India in anticipation of midsummer weather, morocco leather chairs of every degree of comfort, skins of polar bears, shot by the host, a gorgeous fire of specially prepared driftwood in the enormous fireplace, and everywhere roses and violets in great Persian vases. Over the mantelpiece of Frankenthal porcelain was an original Ruysdael; while modern French windows opened out to broad terraces on one side; on the other, to a hanging garden of flowers and trees and shrubs which glowed hundreds of feet above the Rhine like a giant bouquet. But in spite of the striking individuality of taste everywhere displayed, it was ruled by a strong feeling for the fitness of things, and no incongruity was so glaring as to detract from the medieval flavor of the room, which was left in possession of its deep window embrasures, its stone floors, its low-raftered ceiling, and its skillfully retouched wall paintings.

They were to dine at eight, and it was a quarter past that hour when the party from Castle Niedenfels arrived. Emma and Juliet were in thin white dresses of that kind of simplicity which Lib-

erty & Co. delights to sell to wealthy American patrons, and the countess was resplendent in a superb gown of yellow satin and lace. As for poor little six-foot Graham Horde, he would have looked the picture of manly elegance and fashion in his correct evening clothes with his fair hair burnished back on his forehead, his good-looking face abeam with smiles, except for the fact that he carried under his left arm an iron ball which he hoped was not too obtrusively attached by a long rusty chain to his left ankle.

For a moment the unexpected array of foreign guests against such a sumptuous background rather over-awed the two American girls, or as Emma would have put it, made him feel "débutantish." Juliet was entitled to this feeling, for she was not to make her début until the following winter and showed it by allowing Victor Rodite to talk to her for the quarter of an hour before dinner was announced without making any reply beyond a blush. Emma, however, who had spent a season at Newport, and had with a partner led some of the smartest cotillions in Kentucky, was able to conceal her trepidation, and looked up at the big red-bearded Bashki with the most confiding air in the world

while she told him that the one ambition of her life had been gratified that evening: she had met a Russian prince.

Somewhat to Emma's surprise, for Sigart had just come from a round of gayety in Berlin and must be used, one would have thought, to society in any aspect, cosmopolitan or otherwise, it was the Countess Sigart who showed the greatest perturbation and loss of self-possession while the introductions were being made. When, indeed, it came her turn to meet her countryman, the young Burgraf, it almost seemed as if she were about to faint; she went so suddenly from red to white.

Emma, who was observing this phenomenon with astonishment, for just an instant thought the two must have known each other before and that there was some secret between them to cause her friend such agitation. Sigart's instant recovery of composure, however, her impassive manner of acknowledging the introduction, and the apparent indifference with which she treated the young man throughout the dinner compelled Emma to abandon the idea. Yet if she could have overheard the two, who sat side by side, address each other in German as "Sigart" and "Adalbert," between

snatches of conversation meant for their neighbors; if she could have heard one say to the other, "Oh, Adalbert, how could you?" and the other reply, "Darling, I could n't help it, I must be near you, I can not part from you like that; you would not tell me the castle's name, so I set out to find it the minute you had gone": the American girl would have been proud of her own acumen.

"But what will you do now?" asked Sigart, after a few minutes enforced conversation in English with the young inventor on her right.

"Stay at some hotel in Heidelberg and see as much of you as I can."

Sigart bent her beautiful dark brows and looked troubled. "But my promise to Miss Daingerfield," she whispered. "You know I said if she let me come to castle Niedenfels I would n't see you again, until you —"

"I know, I know," cut in the Burgraf Dohna-Findenstein impatiently. "But, tell me this, if you don't tell her I'm your fiancé, how will she know? Unless, of course, you have already done so?" He looked anxiously at Sigart as this thought occurred to him.

“She does n’t know you by your title; she’s only heard me call you Adalbert,” the girl reassured him, “but still, I don’t know, I don’t like to deceive her —” She glanced guiltily across the fountain to where Emma was talking to three men at once with every appearance of enjoyment, quite unaware of the treachery brewing in her camp.

“Of course,” said the young man, his habitually red face growing redder still while he tugged at his short, fair mustache, “if you care more for that American girl than you do for me —”

“No! No! Dearest, how can you think so?” interposed the countess hurriedly. “It shall be as you say, but we’ll have to meet without letting anyone know: if you went over to Niedenfels all the time to see me she would soon suspect who you are. It is n’t easy to deceive an American.”

The dinner was very long, and before it ended was more riotous than Mrs. Loring, the chaperone, had any idea it was going to be. A high-priced orchestra from Mannheim, concealed in a forest of fern and flowers, played different waltzes for every tempting course. The fountain gurgled thirstily over the electric lights cleverly placed beneath its waters, and incense, heavy and sweet like

the chaperone herself, burned thickly in great brass samovars on the floor. If roses had dropped from the ceiling, Juliet, who had read *Quo Vadis* five times, would not have been surprised. Everybody sang, and young Mr. Sellig and Victor Rodite told stories of hairbreadth escapes from death in submarine boats, and of the finding of the child model for the sculptor's marvellous statue of the young Jesus, which had lately found a home in the Luxembourg.

Adrian's tale of hunting tigers on foot and without beaters in company with the notable Rajah of Satpura, a young Indian prince whose fondness for joy-riding in a ninety-horsepower Mercedes, and talent for consuming raw whiskey had filled many a newspaper column in America and abroad, was received with great enthusiasm. Graham, for his part, succeeded in convulsing the table by his antics with the iron ball, emblem of his captivity, explaining it in every way but the true one and making a perfect idiot of himself, pretending it was his wife and insisting upon having a chair for it, so that he could feed it all kinds of rich food.

It was about this time that Prince Borlock

Demetri Bashki, who had not contributed a word to the general entertainment for the last three courses, but had been devoting himself steadily to the matchless "Schloss Johannesburg" with which a waiter constantly filled his glass, woke up. Fixing his eye on Graham, who was the guest farthest away from him, he announced that he loved Americans very dearly, and that it was his intention to walk down the middle of the table and visit him. The declaration seemed to have a disquieting effect upon Mrs. Loring, for she rose hastily, and collecting her young charges, left the dinner party.

The last glimpse the girls had of it before Mr. Loring, who remained at Reichenstein, hurried them from the castle and into the launch with his wife, was that of the great red-haired Russian walking down the middle of the table, picking his way carefully among coffee cups and flowers, to the place where Graham Horde, giggling loudly, sat awaiting him. It had certainly been a novel experience for all the girls, but Emma, while she admitted that it had been a great deal of fun, registered a vow before she went to sleep that night that "Adrian must n't be allowed to do it again."

CHAPTER V



HAVE you ever seen a day in early spring when the last of ice and snow has gone and the brooks dash madly against their banks and the sun pours down with such profligacy that you feel it is trying to get into every nook and corner where there is darkness, and to warm men's hearts as well as the fields? It was such a day, freshly born of Heaven, when Emma and Adrian Kimberley went riding in the Odenwald. They had been out all the morning, their horses cantering noiselessly through the mossy glades, over the springy mold, until at last they reached the very edge of the forest.

"There's a good place for lunch," said Adrian, pointing to a farmhouse on a slope not a field's length away.

"Just the right distance for a race," said Miss Daingerfield, and struck her smart looking bay a blow with her crop. Kimberley followed and

away they went, but somehow or other, though his was really the fastest horse, he was the last to arrive at the gate of the farm.

“You always let me win!” panted Emma, as he dismounted to let her through. The farmhouse itself was a big whitewashed cottage with a thickly thatched roof. It was backed up against the slope so that an entrance to the second floor could be made from the ground. There the farmer stabled his livestock in accordance with the custom of that part of the country, which seemed to have little use for barns.

Two big-boned peasant women were coming in from the fields with baskets full of fertilizer on their heads, the mud black upon their high, stout boots. In the yard a young boy was taking the harness off a great shaggy dog, which stood between the shafts of a milkwagon, and in the doorway sat the farmer himself.

Now, however true it may be that Germany has ceased to be solely a nation of poets and philosophers, and has lost her old-time character as a race of soil-tillers, the soil-tiller, as a type, has not altogether passed away. Slow-moving, good-natured, and of inexhaustible kindness, he is still to

be found in the husbandmen of a thousand farms in south Germany, and such a one Kimberley found the old man to be.

In all the glory of the blue spectacles beloved of cartoonists, an almost perfect type of the kind of German peasant immortalized by Hoffman, he sat there in the sun smoking his long porcelain noonday pipe as placidly and imperturbably as if the Fatherland of his affections were still the agriculturally impoverished country of his grandfather's day, instead of a rapidly rising world power of the first magnitude.

The old peasant's greeting proved as cordial as his character warranted him to be, and in response to Adrian's request for hospitality, made in the excellent German which was one of the many tongues Kimberley spoke, soon had his wife and daughter bustling about the spotless kitchen preparing a meal for which, in spite of his best efforts, the American was not allowed to pay.

It was curious that Emma did not observe as they sat at the oilcloth table over brown bread and butter, beer and cheese, how often and how ardently her companion's black eyes dwelt upon her face. Little goose! She never dreamed that

that paternal air of Kimberley's might hide a warmer feeling. But if she was blind, others in the castle were not, and the older man's devotion to Miss Daingerfield had long been a cause of uneasiness to Graham Horde.

"We must be getting back!" said Emma presently. "I've an important business letter to dictate."

The forest was even more lovely in the afternoon, the riders thought, than it had been in the morning. The sunlight drifted into its deep gloom and fell slantwise against its great cedar trees and evergreens, "like the beams from the golden window in Milan cathedral," Emma said. The beautiful German finches flitted in and out among the budding bushes, and rabbits ran across their pathway.

Singularly enough the brown cob had edged up so close to the bay mare that the man's riding-boot and the girl's — Emma was riding cross-saddle — were constantly touching, and the two riders murmuring words of apology.

This phenomenon, however, did not especially interest Emma and she was not conscious of any pleasure in the nearness of the beautifully made

figure on the other horse, nor in the sight of the long white slim-fingered hands on the bridle, which she could just see without turning her head, although she wondered casually as her eye fell on them, if they were made most for cruelty or tenderness.

“Cousin Adrian,” she said all at once, tired of the silence that had fallen on them, and oblivious of the start he gave when thus interrupted in the congenial task of studying the little curl at the back of her neck that had escaped from the black ribbon she wore, “Why did you retire from the publishing business? Was it because you had made so much money?”

Kimberley pulled himself together with a shake of the shoulders. “Dear me, no! Publishers never make any money!”

“That’s what I thought, or at least that’s what Juliet says they always tell her when she tries to get them to take her manuscripts; you know she’s writing a book.”

“Is she, indeed?”

“Yes. But if publishers publish books simply from motives of philanthropy, what do they make money on?” persisted the interrogator.

“Faro or poker!” he said, impatiently. “I’m sure I don’t know. But look here, Emma —”

But Miss Daingerfield seldom allowed anyone to divert her if she had a goal in view, whether it was satisfying her curiosity or spreading the cause of woman’s suffrage in Germany.

“But, Cousin Adrian, if you did n’t retire on what you made in the publishing business, what did you retire on? Because you know you are rich; you have just lots of money.” Adrian gave a short, barely audible laugh.

“I retired on a fortune left me by my grandfather!” he said, “and if your curiosity is quite satisfied on that point I have something to ask your advice about. Do you think I’m too old to get married?”

Emma was not at all disconcerted by this sudden and direct question and she turned in her saddle and let her dark-blue eyes travel seriously over his face, over the lines beneath the eyes and beside the mouth, and the gray hair on his temples. Kimberley winced under the scrutiny, waiting for her verdict as a man might wait to hear sentence of death pronounced. But the young judge was

clement. "No," she said, "I don't think you are, but why didn't you marry when you were younger?"

"I have a theory," replied Kimberley, "that a man who marries young makes a mistake. I think he can get a lot more out of life if he does n't."

"What?" asked Emma, practically, leaning forward to stroke her horse's neck. Kimberley hesitated a second. "He can understand women more for one thing, and know them better if he waits."

"But to what purpose, if all the time he's missing years of happily married life?"

Adrian smiled indulgently. "Dear little girl!" he murmured as if half to himself. Emma did n't like the smile. She was afraid it meant he did n't consider her grown up enough to talk to seriously.

"Why do you smile?" she asked gravely.

"Because you're so young," he replied, justifying her fear.

"But I'm not," she said. "I'm old, I'm twenty-three, Cousin Adrian!"

"Twenty-three!" he repeated in mock awe; "that is aged! But, however that may be, I'll

tell you a secret if you like! I'm thinking of getting married!"

Emma gave a cry of delight. "You are? Really? Oh, Cousin Adrian, I'm so glad!"

"So am I, that is if I find out that the girl I want, wants me." He looked keenly at the girl's face and mistook the flush of sympathy for the blush of consciousness.

"But why do you want to get married just now, so suddenly?" she asked.

"Because, in the first place I've found the girl I want, and in the second place," his voice grew lower and a look of the deepest gloom came over him, "I find suddenly that I am lonely."

Emma knew him for a moody and a melancholy man, that his efforts to amuse himself rarely succeeded, no matter how extravagant they might be, and that his laugh never went deeper than his lips, and now she felt the greatest pity for him well up in her heart. She flung out her little hand toward him and in the most innocent and childlike spirit of camaraderie, leaned for an instant lightly against his shoulder. "Poor Cousin Adrian!" she murmured in his ear.

The result was most unexpected. The horses,

in obedience to some subtle signal from the man, came to a full stop, she felt on the instant a strong arm about her slender waist and his dark face close to hers. Her heart fluttered unaccountably and the certainty that he wanted to kiss her flashed through her mind. Shocked and frightened she put both hands on his breast to fend him off, and at that instant caught sight of Graham Horde standing quite close to them, under a big beech tree.

Without realizing it the riders had come to the edge of the woods. Castle Niefenfels was only the length of a field away, which was about as far as Horde could walk, encumbered by his prisoner's chains. They had stumbled upon him as he lay reading and smoking under a tree; a ludicrous figure if you like as he jumped to his feet and stood with his pipe hanging loosely from his lips, his book fallen to the earth, the leaves and twigs of his resting place still sticking in his hair, and that ridiculous great iron ball dangling at one white flannelled leg. But he was a pathetic figure, too, for he was deathly white and trembled and at sight of Adrian lighting a cigarette with apparent unconcern, his fists slowly clenched. Emma, when

he turned his fine honest eyes toward her, felt exactly as if she had struck a small child in the face, although the thing that had happened was not intentionally her fault.

CHAPTER VI



HE most wonderful man in the world, next to the twenty-fifth president of the United States, was amusing himself with his favorite toy, the German fleet. From the deck of the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* that soft spring morning he had been watching the review of thirty-seven first-class battleships of the line on the brilliant waters of Kiel bay. Like so many pliocene reptiles of the turtle variety they had steamed back and forth before the sword-like gaze of the "Majestat," saluting, dressing ship, and hoisting colors, perhaps a dozen times, and now the gunners on the flagship were giving an exhibition of marksmanship.

Target practice was possibly the part of the entertainment that the Kaiser liked best, and he was standing in the bow of the yacht with a glass in his hand watching the display with all his soul. Behind him, on the upholstered deck settee, the

princess royal was sitting, and two sleek dachshunds, pets of the emperor's, alternately lolled upon the hot deck and played in and out between his feet.

From the deck of the yacht one could see that the gunners on the flagship were getting ready to fire again, and presently a puff of white smoke left the ship's side; the deep boom of exploding gunpowder rolled across the bay, and the target, a big canvas frame-work more than a mile away, rocked to the impact of the shell.

The august witness of this excellent bit of marksmanship forgot his augustness, forgot that he was the first admiral of the German navy, and the supreme War Lord of the finest army in the world; forgot that he was the modern Melchizedek — prophet, priest, and king — of a country whose greatness had made even England tremble; forgot that he was the apotheosis of ancient and modern Germany, the very spirit of Teutonism itself, and jumped up and down and shouted like a boy, with perhaps the same childish glee that he had displayed on that day in the Mediterranean when he first saw his flag as admiral raised on a British battleship.

It was at luncheon that day after the review was over that the first definite news of the occupation of Niedenfels Castle by the young American girl, Emma Daingerfield, and her purpose, reached him. Rumor of the result of the activities at the Rhine Castle had reached him before; he had heard indirectly, through what channel it is difficult to narrate — for who can fathom the psychology of Rumor? — that batches of peasant women all over Germany were leaving the fatherland in discontent because they would not marry military tyrants, the kind of husbands they said the Kaiser provided for them, and he had only laughed; it had all seemed to him a huge joke.

But now, on this occasion, on the day of this spring target practice, he had particular information that four thousand women from the farms and homesteads throughout the country had left Germany in one month's time, and the matter suddenly ceased to have a humorous aspect. He did not fancy, this imperial author of the dictum "there shall be under me one church, one empire and one king," the idea of opposition or defiance. And that was what this concerted defection of so many breeders of the race seemed to him to

amount to. No, "Germany for the Germans" was ritual with him, and though the number of the deserters was small, yet he did not like to think that such a spirit was on foot among the women of his kingdom. If he could not keep the German character of the race intact, if German women would not marry German men, what, pray, was to become of the Imperial dream of Teutonic supremacy?

From Emma's point of view the worst of it was that not only the Great Plan, but the identity and whereabouts of its inventor were now known to the Kaiser. If Emma had proved herself sagacious and longheaded in thinking out most of the details of her scheme, she had not been successful in keeping the source of the new movement from official and royal ears. Her residence in a ruined castle on the Rhine which was supposed to have preserved her secret had proved no shield at all. The Countess Sigart, thrilled by the variation which her part in the plan made in her dully conventional life, had written her aunt, the Princess X. a full account of the wild doings of the "delightful Americans" at Castle Niedenfels.

This under strict oath of secrecy of course, but

what good is a secret that can not be shared with at least one friend? And the princess, acting on the theory that it is no good at all, had told a princess who lived more closely in touch with court circles. After that it soon was the property of that lady's husband, a distinguished member of the Reichstag, and he had lost no time in telling it, for what it was worth, to the Kaiser.

The Emperor was by no means alarmed, in spite of his deep disapproval of the new movement as instigated by the young American girl, Miss Daingerfield. Not as yet. What were four thousand women in a country of sixty millions? Then, too, respect for the powerful government which the young women in question represented, and reluctance to adopt stringent and serious measures for the suppression of a scheme whose founders were two young girls, kept him from taking any immediate step to combat the project. That it should be closely watched and the extent of its operations investigated, he felt, however, to be necessary.

So the prominent member of the Reichstag, who was husband to the princess who was friend to the princess who was aunt to the Countess Sigart, was ordered to place the matter in the hands of the

Berlin chief of police. This official, he was told, would undoubtedly station a spy at the headquarters of the new movement, to keep it and its promoters under surveillance.

CHAPTER VII



CASTLE NIEDENFELS, like most of the ruins on the Rhine, had a variegated history. One of its towers was of obscure Roman origin, but the main part of it was supposed to have been built by Otho of Wittelsbach, a count palatine of the Rhine, in 1195. Its next master seemed to have been, from all accounts, Ottocar, a lawless robber baron who would not bend the knee in homage to Rudolph of Hapsburgh, and was not subdued by him until near the end of the twelfth century. Its history becomes a little vague after that until the time of Duke Wolfgang the First, who was besieged there by the elector palatine in 1523, and whose tomb could still be seen in the vaulted chapel attached to the Alte Bau. The castle had escaped injury in the Thirty Years' War, but was badly damaged by the French in 1688 when Louis XIV preferred a claim to the palatinate. However, it had been thor-

oughly restored by the electors, Charles Philip and Charles Theodore, in 1799, and because it was one of the best preserved of the Rhine castles, Kimberley had selected it for Emma's residence. There were other persons famous in history and legend who had been connected with the castle. The Niebelungen hero, Hagen von Troneck, was said to have rescued a lovely lady from captivity there, and the great Prince Rupert of the Rhine had spent the night within its walls at the time when he was leaving the palatinate to begin his perilous enterprise at sea after his quarrel with his brother, the elector Charles. So Juliet had plenty of material for romantic visions; but of all those who at one time and another had inhabited Castle Niedenfels, the one that interested her the most was Otho, Count Palatine of the Rhine, for it was around that brave crusader that the legend was written which Juliet had read to Emma that day on the terrace.

Miss Simms read everything she could find that had to do with the time in which he lived, even sending to her uncle in America for books, so that for her Count Palatine Otho of Wittelsbach was not a name and a legend, but a real living person.

With what ardent interest she read in another version of the legend of the nun about his adventures in the Holy Land; how he rode ever at the right hand of the great Conrad, under whose leadership he had assumed the sacred badge; how he had thrice saved the imperial banner as it was about to be taken by the infidels, and had covered the bodies of two chargers slain beneath him with the dead bodies of the fiercest of the foe. So steeped indeed was she with such reading that her every waking hour was haunted with sounds of martial music; the waving of banners; the glitter of plumed casques; the neighing of war steeds. For her every window in the castle had its captive princess and every postern gate its troubadour as it had been in the brave days when St. Bernard lifted the sacred cross along the shores of the Rhine. No wonder then if she saw visions in the daytime, that she should dream of her hero at night.

The party had been for an excursion on the river one evening — Kimberley, Graham, Emma, the countess and Juliet — in Miss Daingerfield's launch, returning very late, after an hour in the Stadt Park at Mannheim. Graham's unusual

adornment, by the way, was an accustomed sight in this park by now, where it was charged to the account of American eccentricity in general.

Juliet was tired and fell asleep the minute her head touched the pillow, and almost instantly began to dream. She thought she was standing on the battlements of the castle looking down over the parapet to the road below. The moonlight was bright as noontime and the irregular group of buildings which composed the castle stood out plainly. She could distinguish even the difference in color between the red Neckar sandstone, of which it was built, and the yellow Heilbronn sandstone of the ornamentation on the façades and fancied she could see the dark green of the clustered ivy on the octagonal tower over the Rhine, in which the Count Palatine was said to have passed his declining years.

As she stood there, in her dream, Juliet knew that she was watching for someone, or something, to come up that road. Her watching at last was rewarded, for a great troop of mounted men broke all at once from the Odenwald forest and cantered into the open. They were about a mile away but the road was hilly and now concealed, now re-

vealed them, until at length they clattered up the last declivity and she saw the moonlight on their spears and helmets; saw the drawbridge swing downward, the portcullis slowly lift, and heard the hollow sound of their horses' feet as they crossed the moat and swept between the two towers of the gate, into the Schlosshof. Then a great gay young voice cried:

“Ho! Warder! Ho! A light! Count Otho hath returned!” And in her dream she walked along the battlement until she was able to look down into the courtyard where the troop stood, headed by a knight on a white barbary war horse. Then a horn sounded, lights leaped in every window, warders sprang to the battlements, doors opened and friends and retainers poured down into the castle yard to welcome the returned crusader.

In her dream she leant over the parapet and gazed down into this scene of confusion, of tossing torches, and stamping steeds, searching, she knew, for one face. At that moment the tall knight on the white horse, his shoulders covered with the mantle of the cross, moonlight glinting on barred helmet of steel, triangular shield and great double-

edged falchion, removed his plated gauntlets and raising his vizor, looked up. Juliet saw a face with a careworn brow, the mouth of a boy, and an exalted expression, which a great scar on the left cheek could not mar. His gaunt eyes met hers and instantly, the dream faded.

Juliet awoke and hardly realizing what she did, leaped from her bed and ran to the window. It was moonlight, true enough, but the courtyard was empty and no glorious knightly gaze met hers from under lifted vizor. She roused herself more fully and sighed in disappointment.

"Only a dream!" she murmured, then raised her eyes to the octagonal tower in the ruined part of the castle which Kimberley had not had restored for their use, and where she and Emma had not yet been. A light was burning clearly and steadily in the window at the top, that looked down the river in the direction of the ruined convent, where the love of the Count Palatine was supposed to have taken refuge. Juliet felt the shivers creep up and down her spine. Had she been a Roman Catholic she would have crossed herself.

When Miss Simms came down to breakfast the

next morning a trifle late, everyone was in a fine state of excitement; Tilly had seen a burglar.

"He was just climbing out of ter big window in ter Alte Bau when I haf seen him!" she declaimed for the fiftieth time, red-faced and important. "It was six o'clock and I haf just gone in to dust before we began to get ter breakfast, and when he see me, he jump out quvick! And run like everything!"

"I should think you might have seen him too, Sigart," Emma said; "you got up for an early walk in the garden, I thought?"

"Did he have any booty with him, any swag?" inquired Graham, while the countess negatived Emma's suggestion in a low and unintelligible murmur.

Tilly looked puzzled. "Booty, swag?" she repeated helplessly.

"He means did the man have any silver or anything he'd stolen in his hands when you saw him?" explained Miss Daingerfield. Tilly shook her head.

"Then, how do you know it was a burglar?" said Juliet, entering excitedly into the discussion.

"More likely a robber baron!" said Graham.

“A burglar’s too modern a product for a Rhine castle hold-up!”

“What did he look like?” queried Emma.

But they could n’t find out much about that for Tilly could only tell them that the intruder wore a long cloak, and that she thought he had on cavalry boots.

“Nonsense!” responded Emma, “a burglar would n’t be wearing cavalry boots. You must have been mistaken, Tilly. But did n’t you notice the color of his hair?”

“Yah,” replied the old housekeeper, “I did. His hair was yellow like a German’s.” Emma and Juliet laughed and looked at Graham. He had been called “Dutch” at college because of the fairness of his hair, and nobody noticed that the Gräfin Sigart had blushed crimson and was looking down at her plate in the most confused and guilty manner, as she had been doing ever since the mention of “cavalry boots.”

On any other day Juliet would have been deeply thrilled by this story of a burglar in the castle, but that Friday she was too much absorbed in recalling her dream about the Count Palatine to be very much interested. All her thoughts were bent

on a project that had taken hold of her mind with great force; she would ascend the octagonal tower that very day and see what she could find.

It was difficult for her to get off without being observed by Emma, and that Juliet did n't wish to have happen. Emma had laughed at her friend's romantic visions too many times to make her a good comrade for such an enterprise. There had been an unusual amount of correspondence for Juliet to tackle, and it was past five o'clock when she at last found herself at the foot of the tower stair. She had come a difficult way to get there, through deserted halls and great empty rooms, and over a crumbly ruined bridge, so that she was glad to discover that she felt no more fear of her adventure in the cold light of reality than she had in her dream the night before. Only a delicious sense of excitement shook her as she wound round and round the tower in her breathless climb up its red sandstone stairs. Beside it, the emotions of "stout Cortez" on his famous peak, when he first looked upon the Pacific sea, were commonplace and insignificant.

"What if I really find him; what if he's really there?" she speculated, "what if he—" A

door came into view at the top, brass-bound, Juliet saw with joy, as it should have been by every precedent of romantic literature. She knocked upon it twice before she could hear the sound of her knocking above the beating of her own heart. No one replied to this polite effort, but she detected a sound as if someone suddenly had pushed back a chair on a stone floor.

Then indeed panic seized her, and her hands and feet began to battle with each other, the former to open the door, the latter to run back downstairs. The hands conquered however, they were perhaps nearer her brain and received their orders first, and she turned the knob and slowly entered the tower room.

A young man was sitting at a table before her, his hands grasping its edge, and on his face a look of apprehension and surprise. Beside him was a strange kind of machine, and on the walls curious scrolls covered with writing and diagrams. Juliet remembered suddenly that the Count Otho had been wont to while away tedious hours in his tower by practicing the "Black Arts," and she shivered.

As she gazed at him his look of fear faded and she saw that he had a noble expression, a care-

worn brow, and the mouth of a boy, and that he was dressed in mourning. He had no scar on the left cheek, it is true, but for all that she was satisfied that he was the Count Palatine of her dreams.

As for the occupant of the room, what he beheld against his door, brought there by the grace of God for his delight, was the statue of a young girl with parted brown hair, brown, beautiful eyes and a face like that of Mary in the "Pieta." The breath came quickly under her white dress that left the young round arms bare, and eyes and lips were widely parted. They gazed at each other in silence and a breeze from the Rhine Valley wandered in through the little window behind him and played tricks with the loose leaves of paper on his table.

"You're the Count Palatine, are n't you?" she said after a moment, and sat down on the bench near the table, relieved to find that it was so easy to address a ghost. The question seemed to startle the young man and yet for some reason reassure him.

"You don't know who I am — you can't guess?" he asked her quickly.

"Yes, I can, I told you. The Count Palatine

of the Rhine," returned the girl. A sigh of satisfaction and thanksgiving escaped the presumed ghost, and he smiled, but almost instantly his expression changed to one of pity.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured shaking his own head and eyeing Juliet's curiously. She did n't half hear the words but she did n't like their tone.

"Well, aren't you?" she said sharply.

He jumped. "Yes, yes, of course I am," he answered soothingly, "I'm the Count Palatine, sure enough."

She smiled beautifully then. "Is n't it wonderful?" she said, clasping her hands round her knee, and rocking back and forth.

"Wonderful!" he repeated blankly, and just shut his teeth in time on the question, "What is?"

"The only thing that puzzles me," she went on, "is how you can possibly be a ghost."

"A ghost?" feebly.

"Yes. You see you don't look like one, your clothes are quite modern, and you don't act like one in the least."

"I don't?"

"No. I can't see through you at all."

"Really? Well, I'm glad of that," he murmured.

"Perhaps I could put my finger through you if I punched pretty hard," she added as an afterthought.

"Never mind trying," he interposed. "I'm sorry if you're disappointed, but I'm not a ghost."

"But you just said you were the Count Palatine —"

"Yes, yes, that's a fact, I did, and it's true, too," he stammered, obviously at fault, "only I'm not his ghost exactly, I'm a relative of his. Er — er — an ancestor."

"An ancestor?" It was her turn to look amazed.

"Here, what am I saying? Not ancestor, but descendant. I'm a descendant of the er — er — Count —" He stopped.

"Palatine," finished Juliet, "Otho, Count Palatine of the Rhine."

"Yes, that's it, thank you!"

"You are?"

"Yes," he went on nervously. "Isn't that fine? I'm a direct lineal descendant, a great-great-great-great-great-great —" Juliet was

afraid he was never going to stop saying "great" — "grandson," he finished constrainedly.

"Oh," said Juliet, and then added as a doubt rose in her mind. "But you don't speak German, you speak English all the time?" He looked alarmed for a moment and then answered hurriedly: "Yes, I spent my boyhood in America and learned to speak your language there."

"Oh," she said again, satisfied with this absolutely veracious explanation and then sighed. It was n't half bad to find he was a modern young man, that she could know and become friends with and a descendant of her hero beside, but she *had* hoped to find a ghost.

"Then you don't put a light in your window for your lady love every night?" she said. He hesitated, not quite sure of his cue. But he had no lady love, and he did not put a light in his window for her, and he was n't going to say he did.

"I do not," said he.

"But I *saw* a light in your window," she pointed to the one behind him, through which she could see the Rhine already weltering in the sunset, "last night. That's what made me come."

"Last night?" he said, and appeared to ponder.

"Oh, yes! I *was* burning my light last night, that's so. You see I had some work to do."

"Work!" she said, and then brightly. "Oh, I know! You practice the black arts, don't you?" He tried to conceal his surprise, tried hard to keep from looking the pity that he felt to find a mind so affected in such a beautiful body.

"Well, yes, sometimes," he indulged her.

She nodded. "I thought so, that's what the legend said the knight of Niedenfels used to do. And yet," this in a puzzled tone, "you're not really his ghost if you're only a descendant; I don't quite see —" She stopped but he saw the difficulty. He had been caught in a contradiction. If he was not a ghost but a descendant, she meant, what would he be doing with the black art? Apparently that was only a game for beings of the other world.

He had allowed himself to get into the mess, he must get himself out of it.

"Oh," he said, laughing easily, "I did n't really mean black art. I meant — I meant — medicine. I'm writing a book, you know, and I have to study a lot to do it. It's a treatise on surgery."

"That's very clever of you," she said admir-

ingly. "I suppose those funny things," she pointed at the scrolls on the walls, "are diagrams like they have in physiology books?" He hesitated, seemed confused, and then muttered an affirmative reply.

"And this, what is this?" she asked, touching the strange looking instrument on the table, which, if she had known it, very much resembled an outfit for sending wireless messages.

"Machine for analyzing chemicals," he told her quickly, and covered it with a linen case, as he said "to keep out the dust."

"But why do you work here?" she pursued. Asking personal questions was a privilege of childhood she had not yet abandoned. He was not good at improvising but he did the best he could. "Well," he said, "you see this is my home and I'm very fond of it, and I thought —"

"But it is n't," interrupted Miss Simms, "it is n't your home, it belongs to Emma."

He looked dashed but recovered bravely. "But it used to be mine, at least it was the home of my ancestors," he said, "though of course I know it belongs to Miss Daingerfield now. That's why I'm in hiding, that's why I live in this

old, tumble-down tower. I'm afraid she won't let me stay if she knows I'm here. You won't tell her that you found me, will you?" All at once there was the keenest anxiety in his voice.

"Of course not!" said Juliet loyally, "besides, I don't want her to know anything about it myself. You see she — she —" The girl blushed beautifully to the great interest of the "Count Palatine." "Emma makes fun of me, she thinks I'm so awfully romantic."

"That is rough!" said the young man sympathetically.

"You don't think I am, do you?"

"Not a bit!" he said stoutly, and then to himself, "So that's it, is it? I thought she was just plain dotty."

"Emma hates secrets, and I love them!" she said next.

"So do I!" he agreed. "Then we won't tell her, will we?"

"Never."

"Good! I'm glad of that! I should hate to have to go away. I'm fond of the old place," he really put quite a little feeling into his voice, though he flushed guiltily, "and then, too," he

went on, "the tower is great to work in, so quiet and all that!"

"It's a mystery to me why we've never seen you about," said Juliet. "You don't stay in here *all* the time, do you?"

"No, but you don't see me when I go out because I take care only to go at night. I exercise and work on my book then, and sleep most of the day."

Juliet was quite satisfied with this explanation, and told him she was writing a book too. "It's a romance of the Middle Ages," she said beamingly. They talked about that for a while, about the joys of writing, and the difficulties of publishing, and then Juliet said she really must go. He had been wanting her to go for some time, he had thought she was interrupting his work, but when the moment came he found himself reluctant.

"You'll come again?" he said, and as he crossed the room to open the door for her, Juliet saw that he was not as tall as she had thought, and that he was a little bit lame. This only increased the romantic charm he had for her, however. The fact that he was slight and delicate looking made her compassionate, his sorrowful black clothes, the

more. As for the limp, it glorified him in her eyes. "Wounded in the Holy Land!" she thought to herself as she shook hands, utterly unable to throw off at once the idea that it was her hero in person, not his descendant, who stood before her earnestly gazing at her with his gray eyes that seemed in his rather pale face, she thought, like starlight on snow.

"Yes," she promised him, "I'll come whenever I can get away. Such a secret! Isn't it going to be fun?" He assured her intensely that it was, and watched her white pumps spurn the twelve dusty steps of the descent before the turn. Then she stopped and looked back at him. "Ah, County Guy! The hour is nigh! The sun has left the lea!" she quoted gayly, and waved at him for good-by. But he didn't wave back. Instead he looked down at her anxiously as if he feared a return of her malady.

"What?" he said, "I did n't understand."

She laughed, "Nothing, I was only quoting, but it *has*, has n't it?"

"Has what?" He came out and stood on the top step to hear better.

"Left the lea!" she cried at him, and ran

downstairs. He closed the door slowly, still with a puzzled expression, for he was almost entirely without a sense of humor.

CHAPTER VIII



THE arrival of a cablegram at Castle Niedenfels was not an unusual occurrence, for that was Mr. Robert Daingerfield's chief method of communicating with his daughter — he was not a patient man — but a cablegram for Mr. Graham Horde was out of the ordinary. It was now just two weeks since he had become a manacled prisoner in this Rhine Castle, and the editors of the *New York Globe* had by that time a communication of importance to make to their Special Article Man for the Sunday Page. What it was you can judge if you can, for the time being, by the manner in which Horde received it, standing all by himself in the Alte Bau.

He considered it, head first on one side, then on the other, in the characteristic way he had of waiting for an answer to one of his mischievous questions, then he put it down on the table and

considered it from his full height with his hands in his pockets, then he whistled a long comprehensively surprised, and dismayed, whistle, and then — but of course you know what he did then if you know him at all — he began to laugh. Although no sane person would have considered it a laughing matter, he read the cablegram over for the third time and began to giggle in his gayest and most irresponsible manner. Then he tore it into shreds, stuffed it into his pocket and went out and had a private interview with old Heinrich in the garden.

“There must be a bowling alley in the village,” he told the old man, “where you can buy me a bowling ball — about the size of this thing on my leg — and when you bring it back be sure you don’t give it to me in the presence of the young ladies.” He gave Heinrich a handful of silver and went off feeling reasonably sure of the secret and safe execution of this most uncommonly odd commission.

If Emma had been of a suspicious mind she might have noticed that evening that Graham seemed to find his chains less cumbersome, and that he complained less of the weight of the

“iron” ball when he had to carry it, than he had done heretofore.

“I do believe lugging that thing around has given you more muscle, Graham; you carry it so lightly now,” was all she said, but she was far from suspecting why he laughed so heartily at the remark.

The two were on their way down the Rhine in the launch to hear some music at Mannheim. The other girls had, for different reasons, declined to accompany them, and Adrian Kimberley was in Paris, where he had been ever since a certain horse-back ride he had taken with Emma.

After that rather distressing affair, Emma and Graham had, of course, readjusted their differences. If they had not, they would hardly have been steaming down to Mannheim in perfect accord under a lovely lovers' moon. They had talked it all out the very evening after the scene in the Odenwald, when the returning riders had stumbled unexpectedly upon the young reporter. Horde had taken his little friend to task for flirting, and his little friend with hauteur and pleading, with anger and cajolery, had persuaded him that there was no ground for his suspicions; that

Kimberley's action had been only fatherly in intent; that her part in it had been inspired by pity for his loneliness, and that it was never likely to happen again. Kimberley's own indifference and cool self-possession, when he came to bid them good-by before running down to Paris, had indeed borne out her words so well that Emma began almost to believe them. She quite persuaded herself that she had been mistaken, and that she had not seen the look of longing in the older man's eyes she thought she had seen, and that he had not intended to kiss her after all.

Juliet was perfectly delighted to find, now that Emma and Graham had departed for Mannheim, that she had the evening all to herself to do as she pleased, for the Countess Sigart had declined to remain with her, and had gone to her room on the plea of a "headache." Now of course the Count Palatine was not accustomed to making himself at home in the main part of the castle; on the contrary, continual residence in the cramped quarters of his tower was necessary to preserve the secret of his occupation of Niedenfels. This Juliet knew, but tonight was a rare occasion. Emma seldom went out unaccom-

panied by one or both of her lieutenants, and Miss Simms made up her mind the minute the door closed after the President of the Niedenfel's Suffrage Emigration Society, to make the most of the opportunity.

With lightly flying feet she ran to the ruined part of the castle and invited the alleged direct descendant of Otho of Wittelsbach, Knight of Niedenfels and Count Palatine of the Rhine, to descend from his tower. Tiptoeing and whispering in low, excited voices the two repaired to the Konigs-Saal.

The room was smaller than either the living room, or the library, and it was filled with comfortable chairs and divans; the light was low and rosy, and white fur rugs and gold-colored walls with silk hangings, were pleasing to the eye. The main attraction, however, was the grand piano, in an elbow of the room, big and black and wonderful, with shaded rose-colored lights on each side of it; for Juliet had a remarkably sweet voice, and the Count Palatine who was extremely fond of music, yearned to hear her sing.

She had made many visits to the tower since the first one, and they had grown to understand each

other better each time. The young man had come to realize that his charming friend was not suffering from dementia; that she was only a very impressionable and imaginative young girl with a strong taste for romantic literature. She, for her part, understood that although this strange new friend of her own discovering might in truth be the direct descendant of the medieval hero she so admired, he was at the same time a modern product, and very much like other young men that she knew, so that she no longer fastened deeds and thoughts of bygone ages upon him, and accepted him in a simpler and less mythical fashion. In other words, their relations had become thoroughly humanized and each without knowing it was far on the road to falling in love with the other.

Those who are familiar with that portrait of John Keats which is called "The Young Keats," may be able to conjure up a fair mental vision of the "Count Palatine" as he relaxed comfortably on a tall high-backed settee that permitted him a perfect view of the girl at the piano. Thick light-brown hair, that would not lie smooth, framed his high white forehead; his lip curved

like a seraphim's, and his eyes did in truth have the radiance of "starlight on snow."

But in observing him Juliet never paused to consider whether she liked such delicacy of feature in a man, she was always so struck with his expression. She thought it had the sternness of conquerors, the austerity of anchorites, the holiness of martyrs. Of such stuff she knew Father Damiens were made, and as she took her seat at the piano and her eyes met his, she wondered that she had ever, even for a fleeting instant, thought him effeminate.

Strange how the eternal feminine forever deceives itself in the character of the beings it most loves. For although the young man had, in truth, known suffering and hardship; had become estranged from his family through no fault of his own; had been very ill alone in a great city in a foreign land, and had known the bitterness of struggling for a mere existence while he sought to acquire the knowledge which would make him what he longed to be, a great surgeon, he had not in the meantime become acquainted with the verities that make for character. His experiences had not taught him, for instance, that it is some-

times as difficult to forgive people for being in the right as it is to forgive them for being in the wrong; that the crown of martyrdom is to suffer without complaint, and that privation needlessly endured is not holiness, but vainglory.

His brow and eyes and mouth promised things for him that he had not as yet, whatever the future might prove, come anywhere near fulfilling. But what difference did that make? He was, so far as Juliet was concerned, just exactly what she chose to think him, and she was more than content with her own estimate of her lover's character.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, and he, in a flutter because her heavenly eyes so candidly admired him, replied:

"Annie Laurie," and then in confusion added: "I do so like your English songs. I have n't heard a girl sing anything like that, any real home song, for many years." But he need n't have explained himself. She had no thought except to comply with his wish.

"I always sing that for father Sunday evenings," she said simply, and began.

He heard angelic voices choiring; he heard earthly voices soft and sweet, calling him to do

noble things for the beauty of unselfishness, and felt with a pang, as Juliet poured forth in music the assurance that for "bonnie Annie Laurie" the hero of the song would lay him "down and dee," that it was the love of the humble Annies of this world that mattered most to men, and that to die himself on the bloodiest of battlefields would be an easy thing, if he but knew that his Annie Laurie loved him. He got up and sat himself down on the floor by the piano stool, and she did not notice that he leaned his cheek against her skirt.

"Gave me her promise true, that ne'er forgot shall be," she sang and the tears came into his eyes and he saw with a clairvoyance that he did not recognize in himself that no man was ever good enough for any woman. She finished and he rose and thanked her earnestly. He did not tell her, however, half of the emotions her singing had aroused in him; how he regretted that he had been so proud in the quarrel with his father; how he wanted to do better and be better in every way, and how he worshiped her. Juliet was pleased, but she did n't want to sing any more, and said she was tired and that he must talk to her. They

went over to the high-backed settee he had occupied at first and, his reticence disarmed by the feeling the song had aroused, he told her of the accident which had given him his slight limp.

He had been on a trip through the grand canyon of the Colorado with a companion, it appeared, and the two, in attempting to follow the Bright Angel trail without a guide, had become lost in the tractless mesas and mountain land. They had nothing to eat, and except for one flask of water, which he guarded preciousy for them both, nothing to drink, and after five days of wandering, during which he doled the water out drop by drop, the other man had lost his self-control and had threatened to shoot him if he did not give up the flask. On his refusal to do so, the coward had kept his word, shot his friend in the hip and departed with the water.

"But it did n't do him any good, poor fellow," said the narrator, "for he did not get out of the canyon maze at all."

"But you, what became of you?" cried Juliet, not at all interested in the fate of the cowardly friend.

"Of me? Oh, I just told myself that if God

wanted to, he could show me the way out," said the young man with the greatest simplicity, "and I crawled on in spite of my wound, and lo! I found the trail again. You can imagine it looked as bright as angels to me. There was a spring by its side and some coffee grounds in a can by somebody's deserted campfire, and I made myself something hot to drink and had strength to crawl another mile to a hotel where they took me in and kept me till I was able to go home."

Juliet drew a sharp breath. "But were n't you about dead when you got there?" she asked.

"Yes," he said simply, "I was. The man that found me and brought me in (I fainted just as I reached the door) said I was nothing but a skeleton and that he thought I could n't live."

"Oh, you poor, poor boy!" she murmured, and her eyes filled with tears. He leaned toward her and touched her arm, and she felt his gaze fixed upon her.

"Forgive me," he said, "I did n't dream of distressing you; I don't deserve it, but I might have expected, had I thought, such divine sympathy from a heart as generous as yours." And in a moment, as he finished speaking, constraint

fell upon them. Unwilling to give in to it they hurriedly began to talk of trivial everyday matters.

“Do you play golf?” he asked, and she said, “a little.”

Strange, is n't it, how quickly self-consciousness can reduce perfectly rational and self-respecting persons to an apparent state of imbecility? Instead of rushing into any banality in the effort to hide their feelings, how much better it would have been if they had given their feelings expression. But observe the hypocrisy of the course they chose in preference to that honest one!

He said, “Do you play golf?”, but what the dissembler really meant was: “Do you love me?” She said, “A little,” but what she really meant was “with all my heart!”

He then told her that he played “a lot in summer,” instead of remarking that he loved her “better than his life,” and the other hypocrite replied shamelessly, “It's a very interesting game,” when all the time she meant as much as could be, “I did n't know that I could care so much!”

“Do you use an iron when you drive?” translated meant: “darling, I can't live without you,”

and "Yes, usually a cleek," should have been construed as "beloved, I adore you!"

And so it went, this ridiculous conversation which audibly exchanged remarks and silently exchanged hearts, the man in deathly fear that he would let slip a "dearest," or a "sweetheart," the girl afraid to raise her eyes for fear he would read in them, "you are beloved." And they did not notice, so absorbed were they in this interesting game of concealing their real thoughts from each other that once a man in the uniform of the Berlin Black Watch tiptoed by the door, and that on another occasion a muffled exclamation in German, and a suppressed shriek of feminine laughter, came from the dimly-lit dining-room beyond. But something at last did occur to startle them, for all in a moment Emma's voice was heard in the hall. She and Graham had returned early and the lovers had not heard them come in.

"Good Heavens! She must n't find me!" whispered the Count Palatine as they both sprang to their feet.

"She shan't!" said Juliet, and promptly switched off the light. "Come on!" she said, and led the way through the darkness to the door

that opened into the Alte Bau. Emma's voice from the hall door arrested their flight.

"Who are you?" she called peremptorily, and then they heard her say to Graham, as they stood there trembling in the dark, "I'm sure I saw a light in this room, someone just switched it off." Juliet lost her head. She no longer had the courage to proceed cautiously. "We must run!" she said, and they rushed into the Alte Bau.

"There they are! I hear them!" shrieked Emma triumphantly, and Graham's excited voice fell last on the fugitive's ears, "Tilly's burglar, I swear! Look out, Savage, don't turn the light on; he might shoot!"

The rest of the argument was lost upon the fleeing pair who faintly heard behind them the sound of two persons stumbling against chairs and tables in the Alte Bau and then the rush of pursuing feet. But they, Juliet and the Count Palatine, had a good start, and had gained the main hall before the others were out of the library, and were tearing on toward the dining-room. Even in their hurry, however, they had time to be surprised to see the one light that was

burning there switched off just as they entered. At the same moment Juliet distinctly heard somebody (or was it two somebodies?) just ahead of them open the great oaken door that led into the kitchen. But they could n't stop to investigate this phenomenon, as Emma and Graham were n't very far behind them, and preceded by the unknowns, they rushed out of the dining-room and up a dark stone staircase in the entry as hard as they could go.

"If we only could find some place to hide, we could get you back to the tower when the excitement has blown over, Otho!" panted Juliet in the Count Palatine's ear. The young man, though a bit agitated by his fear of capture, thrilled to hear himself so called. It was like a nightmare to them, or an Arabian Nights' tale, or a bit out of *Alice in Wonderland*, this breathless rush through the castle with the mysterious pair, whom they could not see, running on ahead of them, and Emma and Graham in hot pursuit just behind.

The chase continued on the second floor at the same tempo as it had downstairs, and in one of its great empty unused rooms and dark corridors

Juliet and her companion lost the two who had been leading it. Up one passage and down the other, through one apartment after another they ran, passing in their flight a room with its door ajar, disclosing the good Tilly sitting up with a book, as was her custom, until all the young ladies were in bed, when she went in and wished them good night.

Almost exhausted the fugitives clattered down the main staircase into the great hall below and ran at full speed for the other end of it where yawned the enormous fireplace of medieval dimensions.

"In there! In there!" gasped Juliet breathlessly, as she heard their pursuers behind them on the marble stairs, "the chimney-place is big enough to hide a regiment!" Her companion obeyed without a word, and so immense was the opening of the fireplace, which in olden times had seen oxen roasted whole, that they did n't have to bow their heads to enter.

The pair made for the furthest corner, a nook formed by the angle of the wall, and endeavored to crowd in, but to their great surprise, found it already occupied. What light there was

came from the hall, and in the semi-darkness they saw a man and a girl standing there. Juliet with difficulty suppressed a shriek.

“Don’t be frightened, it is I, Sigart!” said the girl, “Sigart and Adalbert. We have just reached here; we wanted to hide, too!”

“Well, of all things!” whispered Juliet.

At this moment, Emma and Horde, momentarily thrown off the scent and delayed by a run through the apartments on the other side of the main hall, trotted rather wearily past the hiding place.

The others peered out excitedly to watch them, the Count Palatine leaning over Juliet’s shoulder, his arm quite unconsciously encircling her waist, and the other two frankly cheek to cheek. It was dark, but for all that they could see — and perhaps the fact made Juliet and the countess feel less conscience stricken — that Graham Horde and their revered leader, whose pet maxim for members of the Niedenfels Suffrage Emigration Society was “Snub the other sex until the vote is granted,” were clasping hands!

CHAPTER IX



It was a very busy day in the office. Lieutenant Dolly Price had reported her district exhausted, and Lieutenant Hester Williams had complained of lack of funds, and two new lieutenants had to be instructed as to the location of more stations. As a result a lot of telegraphing and letter writing and consulting had been necessary at headquarters.

Letters from all parts of the country, from those who had heard indirectly of the emigration method of obtaining votes for women, and were anxious for particulars, further increased the burden of correspondence. The Countess Sigart had proved a valuable aid in Juliet's labors, but the secretary still found plenty to do.

Strictly businesslike in aspect was the big square second-story room, looking toward the Odenwald, which Emma so importantly termed "the office." Its walls were plain and adorned

with shelves of books and views of peasant women at work in the fields, and a square of matting was on the floor, in the middle of which was Emma's desk at which she was now sitting, Juliet and Sigart occupying smaller ones at each side.

"I think it's queer about Mary Kittel," said Miss Daingerfield. "I wrote her twice not to let those married women emigrate and she has n't answered. Suppose you telegraph her to answer me at once."

Juliet, very neat in dark green linen, with white collar and cuffs, seized a telegraph blank and began to write out the message as desired. The telephone on Emma's desk rang.

"It's long distance," she said to the others, "Oberwesel, so I suppose it's Amy Pritchard," and then into the receiver, "Hullo! That you, Amy?" Silence a moment and then: "Yes, this is headquarters."

"Emma speaking."

"What?"

"You're going to — *what?*" Emma was becoming excited.

"Be married? Great Heavens, girl, you can't! You simply can't!"

“ Well, but what would become of your station and the Great Plan? ”

“ I don't care if he *is*, I don't care if he's as handsome as the governor of Kentucky! ”

“ But the rest of us are giving up that sort of thing ”—it was lucky Emma didn't see the speaking glances her two vice-lieutenants exchanged behind her back or she might have faltered in this statement —“ And you must, too! ”

“ Yes, I know it's hard, but it must be. Why, the whole system would go to pieces if we all got married! ”

“ Well, I tell you, Amy, you simply can't do it, you promised to stand by me till the winter to see how the Plan works, and you just simply can't back out. I'm not going to let you.”

“ What? ”

“ You *will* wait? Oh, that's a darling! I knew you wouldn't desert me! Good-by, Angel! ” She set down the telephone with a slam. “ That's the worst of girls in a business undertaking,” she said scornfully to her quaking lieutenants, “ they *will* go and fall in love.”

“ So tiresome of them! ” murmured the Gräfin without looking up.

Someone knocked on the door, and Graham's voice said, "May I come in?" Emma frowned. "No," she said, "you can't." She rarely allowed Horde in the office. "We're very busy."

"But it's important."

She opened the door and he stepped jauntily in and beamed around on them all.

"Why was it important?" interrogated Miss Daingerfield, looking at him sharply.

"Because I wanted so much to get in," he said blandly.

"That is n't important to me."

He looked the picture of surprised innocence. "I did n't say to *whom* it was important," he rejoined. Then before Emma could speak, he added politely, "Won't you have a chair?" and offered her own desk chair to her. Emma took it and snapped her teeth together.

"And now if you'll be good enough to go?" But he seated himself comfortably on the edge of the desk and leaned toward her with his most persuasive smile.

"You are n't going to turn me out the minute I come in, are you, Baby Savage? Why, I've been lonely all the morning, I surely have."

Emma bit her lip, and glanced around at her subordinates as if defying them to find her placed at a disadvantage, and Sigart and Juliet, who had been listening to this tender interlude with all their ears, as they met that glance, fell suddenly to their tasks again. Indeed, the clatter which at once began on the typewriter was so great that Emma and Horde could hardly hear each other speak, and they found themselves immediately raising their voices.

"I wish you wouldn't be so silly!" Emma screamed.

"I'm not," he shouted back at her, and she yelled, "Can't you go away and let me work?" and he bawled, "I can, but I don't want to!"

Then the racket ceased abruptly, in time to catch Emma assuring Graham that she would "never let him in again," in a perfectly unnecessary roar. All laughed and Emma gave up further attempt at discipline, announcing that work was over.

"Hip! Hip! Hooray!" shouted Graham. "Then come out in the machine. I'll telephone the chauffeur"—they kept the automobile in the village—"and we'll take our lunch—"

“Not so fast, young man,” interrupted Emma with dignity. “This is n’t a house-party, it is a business establishment, and I’ve plenty of work planned for today outside the office. We’re going to canvass Mainz today and we’re going down by boat.”

In vain Horde begged to accompany them, arguing that she needed him to run the launch. Miss Daingerfield was firm in her refusal. It was n’t a pleasure excursion she said, and she would not take the launch; they would go as far as Mannheim in the machine, and take the river steamer there, it was quicker. Though for the matter of that, had she wanted to use the launch, the chauffeur could have run it well enough.

In all Europe there is nothing so overrated as the trip up the Rhine. What its beauty might have been as far back as the Middle Ages when its wild cliffs were untamed by villages and vineyards and adorned only by the rude castles of its robber barons, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible to find in this essentially mundane waterway, where excursion boats whistle to factories on the shore, and factories shriek back again, and bustling towns blot out ruined towers, any hint of

the times which gave us such heroes and heroines as Hagen von Troneck and the Niebelungen princesses, or reconstruct from such atmosphere the Rhinegau as it was in the days of Fredrick Barbarossa, Rupert of the Rhine, and the gorgeous Wallenstein.

At least Emma found it a strain on her imagination, although Juliet, who had spouted poems and legends all the way down to Mainz, and was threatening to do it all the way back, seemed to feel that it was no task at all. Mainz had been a bigger proposition to tackle than Emma had as yet undertaken, so she was well pleased to find herself on the homeward way with seventy-five newly promised emigrants added to her list. She thought it was a pretty good day's work, and leaned back against the railing of the boat, tired with tramping through miles of city streets, but contented.

The ugly brown, tree-denuded cliffs, vineyard-clad, rolled by panorama-like, and the afternoon sun beat with warmth unlike April upon the little steamer. A man with a white jacket offered beer and other refreshments for sale with the surprising frequency only to be found on German excur-

sion boats, and up in the bow a group of Americans traveling in a "party," a sure sign of approaching summer, were singing, "I've Been Working on the Railroad." The rest of the passengers were Germans, and Emma watched with idle interest two or three of them, not far from her, at a table covered with steins of beer and sandwiches, while Juliet and Sigart laughed and whispered together about something, which if she could have heard it would have cleared up what was still a mystery to her, the identity of the four strange persons she and Graham had chased through the castle the other evening in the dark. But her thoughts were with Horde, and in the fullness of the content which the day's success caused her she began to wonder if perhaps she had been too harsh in refusing to let the young man accompany them.

"But he is so upsetting when there's work to be done," she reflected, "he never takes anything seriously and it wastes too much time!"

The trip grew a trifle boresome to Emma, who was anxious to get home and announce her success to the always skeptical Graham, but a break in its monotony was presently afforded by the

Americans, who, not content with assailing the ears of their fellow passengers with a complete repertory of the latest popular airs, and others not so recent, began a noisy game of what is generally known as "Up-Jenkins." The game was familiar to Emma and Juliet, of course, but it seemed to be a novelty to most of the people on board and it was amusing to see the Germans crowding around the table where it was in progress. Emma was incited to join the spectators.

Six young people were playing. On one side was a girl with dark curly hair, a discontented expression, and a pink-and-black poke bonnet, a nice looking stout girl in blue, and a young fellow with a Harvard ribbon round his straw hat. On the other was a pretty girl, who might have been a sister of the girl in the pink-and-black bonnet, with eyes that looked as if she were always thinking of an absent lover, a slender little girl with a southern accent, and a young fellow with a clever face who seemed to be leading the party.

They were nice people, nicer than Emma had thought; and all at once she found that the sight of them made her feel homesick, especially that of one of the older ladies who seemed to be re-

lated to the southern girl, a woman of distinction and presence, with humorous blue eyes of unusual beauty, who reminded Emma of her mother.

But the pensive mood into which this brief contact with people from home threw her was banished by the sight of the big gray car waiting at the Mannheim landing to take them back to Niedenfels, for on the front seat of it sat Graham Horde. His cap and dark suit were covered with dust and so was his face, but nothing could dim the brightness of his smile.

"I got the machine down in the village," he explained, "and came for you myself. That lazy chauffeur was n't to be found anywhere!"

And Emma felt her heart beat quickly in the way it did when she was particularly glad to see Graham. How cross she had been to him, and how angelic he was to come to meet them just the same! It was nearly six when they entered the Schlosshof at Niedenfels. Sigart had stopped in the village to do an errand and was going to walk up, so only Emma and Juliet alighted.

"That was a great ride, Greggry," said Miss Daingerfield, as he helped her out, "I'm sure we exceeded the speed limit every step of the way,

but you were awfully nice to —” Just here a most astonishing spectacle presented itself to her vision and checked the words on her tongue.

The door leading into the kitchen part of the castle opened and five gorgeously-uniformed specimens of German police filed slowly and impressively out, headed by Tilly, gesticulating and talking loudly in her native tongue, at the same time walking backwards very much as if she were leading a brass band.

“What on earth can they want, Graham?” said Emma, staring at the procession in astonishment.

“Search me,” he replied. But apparently she did not hear this helpful suggestion, for without heeding it she hurried over to the group of uniforms by the door, Juliet following her.

“Oh, Fraulein!” gasped Tilly, “already you have come! I look for you this long time, this police,” here she lowered her voice, “have been here one hour, schon!”

“But what do they want?” inquired Emma anxiously.

At this moment one of the policemen, evidently the sergeant, stepped forward and saluting Emma

gravely, said something in German. He was an imposing figure with his bellicose moustache, his spiked helmet with the gold eagle blazing over the visor, and his military looking sword. Emma, though she spoke his language perfectly, did not at once grasp what he said, his speech was so guttural and so rapid. Then, too, her imagination failed to supply her with a guess as to what he could want.

"What did you say?" she asked in German. "I did n't quite understand?"

At this point Horde saw fit to interfere, undaunted by the fact that English was the only language he knew.

"What do you want here?" he said, speaking with great distinctness, and raising his voice as if he hoped to make himself understood by virtue of making enough noise. But he stopped quite abruptly in the middle of a sentence, because he saw that the sergeant was paying no attention to what he was saying, but was staring and pointing at him in the most excited manner.

"What the deuce?" began the young man indignantly, and then remembered the chain and ball on his leg and looked down, half rueful, and half

amused. "It's my bangle that has attracted him," he explained to the girls, lowering his voice needlessly. "Funny, I wouldn't have thought the old boy had an eye for jewelry!"

But the old boy evidently had more than an eye for that particular sort of trinket, for after much gesticulating to his comrades he began cautiously to approach the object of his curiosity, with the very evident intention of seizing upon him.

"Holy Mike!" said Graham, starting back as he saw the entire quota of blue uniforms imitate their leader, and begin to converge upon him in a half circle. "They think I'm an escaped convict, or lunatic or some other sort of tick," he said to Emma and Juliet, and then to the officers, "Here, you mutts! Let me alone, I'm not a real prison bird, it's only a joke, this thing!"

But there's nothing harder to head off when it is once under way than the German Law, and the police sergeant's arresting genius was aroused. He smelt the blood of a malefactor, and Horde spoke in vain. Steadily but surely the "Polizei-Beamten," advanced upon him and though he had intended to stand his ground, conscious of his in-

nocence, there was something so grim and professional about the stealth of the approaching battalion that Graham found himself involuntarily giving way before it. On reflection he concluded that he had a decided antipathy to having the handcuffs one of the men was holding, added to his collection of prison chains. Yet explanation was difficult even if he had known German. It was ridiculous to say that your best girl made you wear such things to keep you from telling her secrets to your newspaper! But for lack of a better excuse, the officers might take a notion to lock you up in the Mannheim jail till you could send word to some American consul to come and get you out, and Heaven only knew how long that would take! Red tape was the national disease, he knew, and the idea of spending a week in such a predicament was so little to his fancy that Graham began to back away from his pursuers as rapidly as possible. It was like a game, some strange variety of "tag," or perhaps "Still Pond No More Moving," Horde retreating step by step, jerking the iron ball after him and the five officers following in a solid phalanx. It did not seem to occur to them to try to surround him,

they simply followed wherever he went, jumping and dodging about the courtyard like so many mechanical toys. Juliet quite enjoyed the sight, but Emma was tired and wished very much to find out what the police wanted of her; so she could not see anything at all funny in this "nonsense of Graham's," as she termed it.

Twice round the Schlosshof they went, pursuers and pursued, and the pace began gradually to increase. Graham apparently was beginning to enjoy the thing tremendously. The unwieldy quintet were so easy to dodge and so ludicrously solemn all the time. He pretended that it was a drill and with every sharp turn and abrupt halt shouted "Left wheel," "Forward march," or some other order of the kind. But in his enthusiasm he made one quick turn too many and the nearest officer stepped on the dragging chain and threw him heavily to the ground.

"Heavens, they've caught him!" said Juliet.

"Now, what's going to happen?" asked Emma resignedly. She was not long in seeing. When Graham felt on his shoulder the hand of the police sergeant, now thoroughly enraged by the dance the young American had led him, the

thing no longer seemed funny. He had other reasons beside his distaste for the Mannheim jail, for not wishing to be captured. They were connected with a fear that this would mean the discovery of the exact nature and composition of the ball and chain he wore on his left leg, in supposed obedience to Emma's commands. He did not waste a moment therefore after getting to his feet, but lowering his head, suddenly butted the police sergeant in the stomach, tripped up one of his men, and diving between the feet of another, made for the moat at top speed. He had not time to reach the drawbridge, for the two policemen he had not thrown down instantly gave chase.

"He can't jump the moat, it's too wide!" cried Emma, thoroughly interested in the scene at last. "Oh, Juliet, he'll be caught, and I don't know what they won't do to him now, after knocking down three policemen!"

"He might jump it if he didn't have that heavy iron ball chained to his ankle," cried Miss Simms, fairly dancing in her excitement. As she spoke, Horde reached the edge of the moat. He measured the distance across with his eye, then threw a quick glance over his shoulder. Two

policemen were hard at his heels and three more were sprinting down the court after him. He had not a second to lose. Obviously there was only one thing to be done. Although it seemed to the onlookers a deed beyond human strength, he picked up the iron ball, and leaped the moat. He had not been standing-broad-jump champion during his senior year at college, for nothing.

Emma and Juliet cried out in relief and admiration while the two fat helmeted Germans, who had been his foremost pursuers, came to a halt at the moat's edge and stared at their miraculously escaped prey with awe and wonder on their innocent Teuton faces.

"Why don't you come across with that handcuff, Heine?" called Horde, laughing exultantly, and though they shook their fists furiously at him where he perched on the opposite bank, they gave up all thought of his capture and went back to finish the business which had brought them in the first place to Niedenfels. But by this time Emma had collected herself from the surprise which this unwelcome invasion had caused her.

"You've come to do what?" she asked aghast, when the sergeant, panting and spluttering, had

again endeavored to make his business known. He repeated and at last Emma understood. It was a terrible announcement that he had to make. The police had come to warn Miss Daingerfield that news of her efforts to persuade the peasant women and women of the villages, to leave Germany, had reached the ears of the authorities, and that they had ordered all further activity to cease immediately. Emma paled. The blow was a hard one, but she would not sit down on the kitchen step as Juliet begged her to do.

"But why?" she said protestingly, the conversation in German, of course, "why must it stop?" and wrung her hands when the sergeant replied that it was against the law in Germany, as it was in most countries, to incite the population to emigrate.

Juliet tried to soothe her. "You know, Emma," she said in English, "Mr. Kimberley did say we might have to fear something of the kind!" But her friend did not heed her. With dry lips and dulled voice she persisted in her inquiry.

"How did they know," she said to the officer, "who we were, and where we lived?"

For reply he took out a sheet of paper covered with typewriting, and offered it to her.

Emma snatched it from his hand and scanned it eagerly. It told all about the Great Plan, she saw, and was correct in every detail, giving her full name and Juliet's and a description of Niedenfels. Miss Daingerfield sank down on the kitchen steps, bewildered. How could the police have obtained information about the operation of the Great Plan and the identity of its operatives so exact and precise? Not in any way that she could think of unless someone in the secret had betrayed it. Who was it? Who was the traitor? Who could it be? Juliet? Graham? Sigart? Cousin Adrian? She would as soon suspect herself. As for Tilly and Greta and old Heinrich and the chauffeur who lived down in the village, they did not know enough about it to tell anything worth while. The thing was a mystery. She bowed her head to think, oblivious of Juliet's sympathetic little hand which wound itself consolingly in hers.

"Achscuse me, Fraulein Emma," it was Tilly who roused her, "The sergeant says, he say —" she began.

“ Well, what now? ” enquired Emma, without looking up.

“ He says you must go to Mannheim with him and sign a bond not to do again, this thing that you have done already. He says — ” But at that Emma sprang to her feet in sudden anger. That was really too much! To expect her to go all the way to Mannheim in custody and sign a bond like any common disturber of the peace. Her eyes snapped. “ I won’t go! ” she cried to the sergeant, giving free rein to the Daingerfield temper, “ or sign a bond either, you stupid, interfering old thing! So you might just as well mind your own business! ”

In Germany the policeman is a veritable little tin god on wheels, whose dignity no one dares to insult. The sergeant’s face grew purple at Emma’s tirade. He said nothing, however, merely waved two fingers at his subordinates, who silently and promptly fell into rank, two on each side of Emma, and she saw that they meant to take her to Mannheim by force. She could hardly believe her eyes, and trembling with indignation, sprang away from her unwelcome escort.

“ I said I would n’t go, ” she defied them, “ and

I won't. If you try to force me you'll be sorry. You seem to forget that I am a citizen of the United States!" She threw up her chin and said it as proudly — generous Emma — as if she were not only a citizen of the country she claimed but had also the citizen's privilege of the ballot. At this moment Graham Horde, who had been anxiously observing the scene from the other side of the moat, decided it was time for him to take part, and jumping the water again, came running to her assistance.

"What are you doing to this young lady?" he inquired belligerently, as he drew up beside Emma. To his surprise, for he did not see the barely perceptible nod in his direction which the police sergeant gave to one of his men, the officer apparently did not resent this interference, for he bowed deferentially and began speaking in pacific tones.

"What was it, Emma?" asked Horde, who could not understand a word, "what was the —" But he interrupted himself with a sudden wrathful exclamation for he felt his arms seized from behind and in a moment, before he had time to struggle, his wrists were bound together. The

accomplice in the sergeant's little strategy had done his work well.

"Oh, Graham, now we're both prisoners!" said Emma, and in weariness and vexation of spirit she began to cry. Juliet rapidly followed suit. "Arrest me, too!" she sobbed, "I don't want to be left all alone."

Graham had seldom felt so desperate and so helpless. It was indeed a bad moment for them all and it is hard to say what would have happened if at that moment Adrian Kimberley, striding up the path that wound up from the landing where he had left his launch, had not appeared upon the scene. He had a rose in his button-hole and the radiance of Paris was upon him.

"And what in the name of all that's wonderful is this?" he said, the song on his lips ceasing suddenly as he caught sight of the tragic looking group in the Schlosshof, the handcuffed young man, the weeping maidens, and the stern champions of the law.

"Cousin Adrian! Oh, Cousin Adrian, I'm so glad you've come!" cried Emma, and leaped toward him.

Kimberley beamed with pride and pleasure.

To see her again, to have returned at last, was joy enough, but to have the good fortune to return in time to be of assistance to her, this was too good to be true. He patted the hand that clasped his arm so tightly while she poured out a rapid account of the afternoon's happenings, and smiled reassuringly down at her. "Never fear, you shan't go to Mannheim," he told her, "I'll fix that."

Graham turned his face away; he could not bear to see the glance of gratitude she gave Adrian, and felt at the moment almost as if he hated the older man.

For all that, Kimberley proved as good as his word. To begin with, he spoke German, and then, too, as it turned out, he knew the American Consul at Mannheim, and the head of the police department at Berlin, from whom the Mannheim officers had their orders, and so was able to smooth things out in every way. Graham's peculiar leg adornment Adrian explained as the harmless fancy of an eccentric American; promised for Emma that there would be no more instigation of the country folk to emigrate, and by liberal donations of bank notes to each of the

officers who had been roughly treated by the young American, and much diplomatic conversation with their sergeant, at last persuaded them that Horde had not been guilty of that mysterious crime, which in Germany is termed "insulting an official," and was not deserving of a night in jail. When perfect cordiality at length had been restored by these measures, and the Schlosshof had seen the last of the bluecoats, a great sigh of relief went up from the Americans.

"It was splendid of you to settle everything so nicely for us, Mr. Kimberley," said Juliet; "I don't know what we would have done without you, I really thought those wicked men were going to take Emma and Mr. Horde to prison."

"Not at all, my child," said Adrian, "I'm glad I happened along, that's all; it might have meant a lot of discomfort and inconvenience if I had n't. Come on, let's go in. You're going to invite me to dinner, are n't you, Emma?"

But Graham made a motion to detain them for a moment. He had something on his mind that he wanted to say. He had been staring at the flagstones under his feet and trying to say it for the last few minutes, but it was hard to get out.

"It was darned good of you, Kimberley," he said at last, "to fix things for me with those fellows"—the effort he made to speak was very apparent—"You're a good sort."

"Not at all," said Adrian protestingly. But Horde wrung the other man's hand. They all started toward the house, but at the door Emma, who was first, turned. Apparently Graham was n't the only one who had something on his mind.

"It *was* good of you—you *were* splendid to manage everything the way you did, Cousin Adrian," she said, and they all felt concerned to see how white and tired she looked. "But, please don't think on that account that everything's all right now. Don't forget, any of you, will you, that I must give up the wish of my heart—that we must give up our work—Juliet and I. The Great Plan is—the Great Plan—" Voiceless all in a moment, she turned from them and dashed into the castle.

CHAPTER X



OR three days gloom reigned at Niedenfels, for the president of the Niedenfels Suffrage Emigration Society was keeping to her room, and refused to see anyone.

Juliet and Sigart went around on tiptoe and spoke in whispers out of respect for the sorrow of their loved chief, and Graham, who detested inactivity of any sort, busied himself with draping the office and the loved chief's desk with black.

On the evening of the fourth day, however, she came down to the drawing-room in her most ravishing frock, and with a radiant countenance, just as they had assembled for dinner, and holding out her hands to them all, said, "Friends, congratulate me, I've solved the problem! I've found a new scheme! The cause is not dead after all!"

The girls pressed toward her, and took her hands, and caressed her. "What is it?" they

cried, "Dear Emma, do tell us!" As for Horde, in his excitement over her sudden return to health and spirits, he went so far as to imitate Juliet who had thrown her arm around Emma. She shook him off with a stern, disconcerting look of reproof.

"No, but really," she said, "it is the greatest plan! A sort of variation of the emigration idea! I'll tell you all about it. You see, I've decided that I took hold of this thing by the wrong end in beginning with the country people. I don't believe the poor oppressed hausfrau can get the ballot without the help of her more fashionable sister. So I shall just turn around and try the other kind of women—" she stopped and looked around to make sure that every sympathetic eye was upon her, and all urged her to continue with encouraging, friendly cries—"I've decided to go," she went on, snuggling one hand in Juliet's and the other into Sigart's, "to Berlin, and I'm going to persuade the women in the highest position there, the women of the court circle, to join me in a movement to—to—" here she paused a second, and then continued in a low, thrilling voice, "to *boycott* the men!" She

nodded triumphantly as they started back in surprise. "Yes," she said, "I'm going to start a movement to boycott the influential men in Berlin until they agree to try to obtain votes for the women!"

"You're not!" gasped the two girls, appalled by her temerity, while Horde laughed aloud.

"But I *am*," asserted the inventor of the daring scheme, heeding neither their surprise nor his mirth, "and what's more, Sigart, you're going to help me!"

"I?" said the countess, looking thoroughly puzzled.

"Of course. What could I do in Berlin without you to introduce me? We start tomorrow together."

"And what do *I* do? What part have I in it?" asked Juliet in a small, aggrieved voice.

"Why, *you'll* stay here, my charming child," her friend replied, "and look after the castle, and inform the other lieutenants at their different stations of the end of the emigration scheme, and wind things up for me generally. Nothing could be more important!"

"And where do *I* come in?" inquired Graham.

If Miss Simms' tone was aggrieved, his was outraged.

Emma eyed him coolly. "Nowhere," she said; "you'll just stay calmly here and play Prisoner's Base all by yourself till I decide what to do with you. Come on, let's go in to dinner!" And laughing back at him where he stood staring indignantly, she swept away toward the dining-room with an arm about each lieutenant's shoulder.

True to her word, Emma, fortifying herself with a profusion of smart gowns with which to lay siege to Berlin, departed the next day for that city with Sigart and Adrian Kimberley. Although the latter had only just arrived at Niedenfels, he had insisted that he felt the need of an immediate visit to the capital.

As for Graham, who had only been allowed to bring them to Cologne in the machine, he stood on the platform as the train pulled out, staring gloomily after them, much to the excitement of the rest of the passengers who could n't make out for what purpose the curious appendage to the young American's left ankle could be intended.

Moved to pity by the sight, Emma leaned out

and waved back at the disconsolate figure. This charitable deed engrossed her so thoroughly that she failed to see what Kimberley noticed with great amusement, that her friend, the countess, was similarly occupied at the window on the other side of the train, from which the road was visible, and was waving devotedly, if hurriedly, to a young man in a big black touring car, who was as ardently returning her signals.

Emma's popularity in the court circle of Berlin, to which the Gräfin Sigart introduced her, was firmly established before she had been five days in the city. But there was nothing extraordinary about that, hundreds of American girls — with money — have made a success before now of their entry into the social life of the capitals of Europe. Only perhaps her type was less familiar to Berlin than the tall willowy "Gibson" girl kind of American. Perhaps they were not quite used to sparkle and dash in anything so "cunning" — I use the word advisedly — and small. And indeed, when Emma put on one of her priceless gowns, cut with the breathless daring of Drecol, yet distinctly Americanized by its reserve, when, I say, she clad herself in some such masterpiece and

entered a drawing-room with the young blood deep rose in her cheeks, and her primly dressed hair snapping with such vigor and life that it seemed to give forth light, people sat up as attentively as if a trumpet had suddenly sounded a shrill sweet note.

Full blown beauty, I suppose, is most to be adored, full-sailed ships meeting the sea with deep bosoms richly curved; but there are those, and some call them connoisseurs, who prefer the little racing cutter with its slender grace.

Adrian Kimberley was one of them. He thought he had never seen anything so charmingly fresh and young as Emma looked one evening when, by the side of her friend, the gräfin, she — was it danced, or sprang, or merely walked? into the drawing-room of the Princess Ruhlenburg, who was giving a dinner party. But Adrian's taste in this matter was something of which Emma was unaware. The start he had given her that day in the Odenwald she had forgotten, and had quite regained her former attitude toward him, so that he appeared to her now only in the light of her father's old friend, her "Cousin Adrian." She was surprised therefore

to observe, after she and the countess had greeted their hostess, that Kimberley was the center of a group of attractive and distinguished looking men and women who evidently were finding him very interesting.

She had expected to see him there; he had told her that he was going to the dinner, but she had not expected to find him so much in demand nor to see him holding the attention of such a charming woman. This was the lady to whom Kimberley was addressing most of his remarks. She was a sumptuous creature with heavy black hair, great blue eyes and a tiny mouth. Emma observed her critically and thought her very lovely, also, she judged, sentimentally interested in Kimberley. Why else that play of expression, that constant laugh, that flattering attention to his least word?

Her perception sharpened by this discovery, Emma looked at Adrian with new vision, the eyes of a woman ten years nearer his age, and she realized suddenly, as she had never done before, the distinction of his appearance and his charm of manner. His gay spirits she thought too, made him look almost young; therefore when immedi-

ately upon her entrance he left the neighborhood of the markgräfin, the most beautiful woman in the room, and hurried over to her side, though it was only because her vanity was flattered, she experienced a decided feeling of pleasure. His value in other people's eyes had given her a higher appreciation of him.

The fourteen guests whom the Princess Ruhl-enburg had gathered for her dinner in honor of the sumptuous lady with the blue eyes, were by turns bright and charming, interesting and delightful. Emma found herself enjoying it immensely, and in the same way that she would have enjoyed a dinner in Newport or Washington or Richmond. People of the same class, she concluded, are much the same the world over, whatever their nationality.

The one untoward incident of the dinner was when a fierce looking brigadier-general, at the far end of the table, forgot that there were Americans present and began to criticise Theodore Roosevelt. The speaker was an unpleasant-looking man, the only such person there, and was invited for his high title and prominence rather than his powers to please. When he said

“Roosevelt is an opportunist and a politician, nothing else,” Emma bore it bravely and went politely on with her conversation; when he said her hero was “a poser and a gambler,” she stopped talking and eyed the speaker gravely, but when the calumniator went on to state that the man under discussion was, “like most Americans, ill-bred,” Miss Daingerfield could bear it no longer. Of course, she was not supposed to be listening, and more thoughtful persons near the speaker tried to hush him before it was too late, but the thing was said and the little American girl had heard, and there was, as Adrian Kimberley said afterward, “the dickens to pay.” In spite of Adrian’s efforts to distract her attention, and his anxious frowns at her, he did not sit near enough to prevent what was going to happen by speaking — Emma rose, in this way gaining the astonished attention of the thoughtless brigadier, and incidently that of the whole company, and addressed him.

“It is of course possible that you are right,” she remarked in clear, incisive German, leaning toward the offender. “Mr. Roosevelt [Oh, how admiringly, how respectfully she dwelt upon the

name] may be what you describe him, 'ill-bred, like most Americans,' but I'm quite sure, this I know to a *certainty* [a glorious color swept her indignant face], that he never would be ill-bred enough to tell people the kind of man *you* are, in the presence of *your* countrymen." She sat down.

Amazement fell upon the guests; the hostess thought it was consternation and glanced almost angrily at Emma — she did not want the success of her entertainment clouded — but in another moment a sense of humor came to the rescue of the situation and all laughed long and loudly, except, of course, the brigadier, who scowled down at his plate — he could n't very well scowl at a lady — drank a great deal of water hurriedly, and began to apologize in barely audible tones. Nobody really liked him and they thought he had received as good as he gave, and that the young American girl was courageous and honest, and they admired her for her plain speaking, without criticising her unconventional manner. Europeans rather expect unconventionality from Americans, so it was all right and the dinner passed off pleasantly and with no consequence other than a

marked silence on the part of the rebuked officer, and a noticeable increase of interest in Miss Daingerfield.

Afterward the young girl delighted the company by singing, at Sigart's request — the kind little countess was forever trying to show off her friend — a typical plantation negro melody. It was a "stunt" with which she had been wont to regale her friends at boarding-school, and she really did it very well. Not that she had much voice, but the words, and the way she spoke them, and the quaint dancing steps and gestures with which she accompanied them, made it a fascinating performance.

Emma at first had been quite horrified at Sigart's suggestion that she should inflict the "stunt" on a grown-up "society" audience, and had only yielded after prolonged argument. But good heavens! How grateful people are for a little novelty. Especially those who do the same things and see the same persons every day. The princess' dinner guests went wild over the song. Most of them spoke English, but had never heard the soft darkey dialect, and they applauded enthusiastically and begged for more.

Emma was a princess herself, however, an American princess by right of birth, and she would not cheapen her gift. One song she might sing at the request of her friend, but no more.

"No," she said, sitting down on an ottoman beside Sigart and fanning her sparkling face gently with a tiny fan. "I don't know anything else." And try hard as they would they could not persuade her to change her mind. In the carriage going home, when the Gräfin Sigart had her friend all to herself, she laughed and laughed at her for the public rebuke of the brigadier.

"Ach! what an astonishment he was in! How his fat jaw did drop!" she said.

"I suppose it was awful of me," confessed Emma, "I did n't mean to do it, truly, but I just could n't help it. Do you think the princess minded much? I hope she did n't think I spoiled the party." But Sigart soon relieved her on this score.

"She told me," said she, "that you were the very most attractive girl she had ever met, and that she was going to give another dinner, in your honor, very soon."

Emma certainly was making a success of her

entry into Berlin society, and she was glad, for upon her own ability to make friends, as well as acceptance of her on the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin's account, depended the realization of her suffrage schemes.

After that evening at the Princess Ruhlenburg's, the young American heiress who sang that "funny little song" was constantly in demand everywhere, for opera parties — the opera season in Berlin is almost continuous, while theaters are taboo for unmarried girls — dinners, and all the usual round of social entertainment. The Gräfin Sigart also took Emma to a number of balls and dances where her popularity was enormous, and she flirted gloriously with the multitude of young officers who seemed to be the mainstay of those functions.

The "Polonaise Française" and "Lanciers" recently had been revived in Berlin, and Emma had difficulty in disguising her merriment when she saw staid matrons of fifty — a woman is never too old to dance in Germany — and portly officers of high rank, promenading ceremoniously through these historic steps. It seemed very far removed, somehow, from Newport, and she

yearned for home and a good American partner who could "Boston."

Ten minute spins without reversing — the German idea of waltzing — with the booted and spurred "Bunten Tuch," as the wearers of the blue uniforms are called, was a novel experience to her, and she managed to enjoy herself tremendously, as she always did wherever she might be.

The women in the court circle, she found, in contrast to those of the middle class, who were remarkable for their love of jewelry and lack of taste in dress, were as well dressed as any women of the same high station in Paris, London, or New York, while their knowledge of music and languages made her wish that her countrywomen thought more about those things. Also they were as good horsewomen as they were skaters, Emma discovered. The Kentucky girl had to sit her horse very straight indeed to prove herself a match for them.

It was while Emma and the gräfin were riding one morning in the Thiergarten, that they passed a young officer with a very red face and a blonde moustache, who reined up his horse as he met them and bowed in an alarmed sort of fashion.

Emma had a vague idea that she had seen him before, but then she had met so many officers lately, and those with red faces and blonde moustaches were so plentiful, and her horse had been going so fast, she could not feel certain about it.

"Who was it? Anyone I know?" she asked, pulling her horse down to a walk and turning to her companion.

"I don't know, I've forgotten," said the gräfin. "Why did you stop? Let's trot again." And she set off at a great pace.

But not before the observing Emma had seen the blush on her face and had begun to wonder, as she followed at a gallop, what there was about the incident to cause her friend's evident confusion.

These diversions, together with automobiling in the Grönewald, visiting picture galleries and shopping, made the days pass pleasantly. Emma loved shopping in Berlin, and found in the Leipzigerstrasse a beautiful cameo pin to take home to her mother, and in the Wilhelmstrasse a shop where the most perfectly delicious pralines could be had. It was fun too, always lunching out, sometimes just she and Sigart alone,

sometimes with two or three other women, at fashionable cafés in the Friedrichstrasse, with tea later on at the Kaiserhof. Incidentally Emma found herself invited with her hostess to house parties at this beautiful country residence and that, and for motor trips to the Thuringian forests. Her responsibility to the Great Plan prevented acceptance of many invitations which took her out of Berlin, but they pleased her nevertheless. It proved an increasing popularity, which was so necessary as a means to an end — the inculcation of her scheme for boycotting, among these kind, glittering, luxurious, aristocratic women who were showing her so much courtesy.

Emma's only disappointment was that she had not seen the Kaiser, in spite of the fact that the Gräfin Sigart was related to a royal highness and went everywhere in the court circle. They told her that his Imperial Majesty was spending a month on his estate in the Mediterranean at Corfu, and would not appear in Berlin until June first, when the imperial family went to Potsdam. Emma had planned in the event of her encountering his majesty to let him hear directly from herself of the plan to incite the women of the highest

circle of society in his kingdom to boycott the men until the vote was granted them.

By the time she had been two weeks away from Niedenfels, she came joyfully to the conclusion that the moment was ripe for springing her project upon her new friends.

Accompanied and enthusiastically supported by the loyal Sigart, she divulged it first to the Princess Ruhlenburg (an American by birth), who had entertained her the night of the snubbing of the thoughtless anti-Roosevelt brigadier, and who had been ever since one of Miss Daingerfield's warmest admirers. That beautiful and brilliant lady, whose active mind had not nearly enough to keep it employed, and who was suffering from a between-seasons fit of ennui, jumped at the opportunity for excitement which Emma's plan offered, and at once promised support and allegiance. She would "make boycotting the fashion in the court circle," she said, with a dainty, feminine and highbred oath, "or know the reason why." What is more she would begin her effort that very day.

Emma was satisfied. She knew that a thing to succeed with women, has only to be fashionable,

and the princess would have no trouble in making the Great Plan that. Two hundred and ninety-nine women out of the three hundred that adorned the court circle already danced when she played the flute, whether it was small hats she advocated or a new way to get thin. With an ally like that, of high position and power, Emma felt that the thing was as good as done. And it was.

CHAPTER XI



WHEN they heard that the Princess Ruhlenburg was advocating and backing the new movement, woman after woman joined its ranks and in a week's time, after harangues by the princess, talks by Emma, and a number of gay social functions, its numbers swelled to about three hundred of Berlin's fairest and most prominent. Emma was delighted. What difference did it make that at first they did not take it seriously; that they took it up for the most part as they did any fad, because it was new and promised diversion; what did it matter that in all probability they would drop it as quickly and as unanimously, when they became bored? Whatever the spirit in which it was done, the effect was as good and as likely to obtain the result Emma hoped for, as if all its supporters were actuated by the deepest convictions on the subject of woman suffrage.

Matters went on with a rush and a whirl that gratified Emma's highest ambition. Action was the order of the day, and in an inconceivably short time the old scheme of things, at least in that limited circle of the city's highest, was completely changed. Buildings were leased to form clubs where the women could live, and princesses, countesses, and ladies of exalted social station quietly packed up their numerous belongings and without a word of warning to astounded spouses, fathers, brothers, and others that the world called their "natural protectors," left their palaces and rich homes to dwell in defiant independence within those chaste walls.

A country club exclusively for women was opened in the beautiful environs of the city. Some of the dowager members of the "Berlin Boycott League," as Emma called it — she always had to have a name for everything — who owned houses and establishments in their own right unencumbered by lords and masters, went so far as to dismiss all male servitors and employ women to take their places. Ludicrous indeed were the results sometimes, though their friends professed to think it a charming novelty to find half a dozen

females in livery ranged in the hall when attending an entertainment in such a house, or to see her Grace of Y. speeding down the Unter den Linden with a woman chauffeur at the wheel.

Other enthusiasts, and these were in the majority, for they represented the younger women of the organization, took an oath that they would travel in no public conveyance which was run by a man, and walked the nine or ten miles to the suburbs when they wanted an afternoon at the country club. At least those of them did who did not own automobiles which they could run themselves.

Not content with that, the revolutionists at a public meeting held in Frau von Eckhorn's house, a devoutly earnest adherent of the cause, collected over a thousand marks with which they had a quantity of handbills printed denouncing the injustice of refusing the women the vote, and pronouncing the rule of mankind as domestic tyrants to be at an end. This proclamation was composed immediately after stirring speeches by Emma and the princess when the doors of Frau von Eckhorn's great ballroom had been finally closed on the last member of the society to arrive.

The princess made the opening address and Emma had taken up the thread of her remarks, concluding with a telling exposition of the need for organizing the society and the results which the boycott was intended to obtain. Amidst the closest attention she described her experiences at Castle Niefenfels; of the condition of bondage in which she found the hausfrau in that region; of the eagerness with which her efforts to rid them of their yoke had been met, and finally of the visit of the police and their interdiction of the emigration scheme. With her vivid face changing color and expression every moment she related to them her feelings on that occasion, how deep her discouragement had been, how great her joy when she had hit upon this other idea, this variation of the "Great Plan," the boycott movement in Berlin.

"All in a moment I saw," she said, shaking her head impressively at her be-plumed and be-jeweled audience, "that we could not gain freedom for the slaves of the fields and farms without the co-operation of their sisters in the cities," here the sound of glove striking glove interrupted her, and a murmur of applause came to her as she stood

on the small stage at one end of the room. "I realized that I had attacked the proposition at the wrong end; for although stirring the countryside to revolt is well enough in its way, Berlin is the seat of government; Berlin contains the Reichstag, and Berlin won, is Germany won. Though very much less in point of numbers than the Nienfells Emigration Society, the Berlin Boycott League is fifty times as powerful and has many times the influence, and is," here she lowered her voice impressively, and so still was the room that every woman heard every word, "a million times nearer the throne.

"There is no shadow of reason why women should not vote," Emma went on, warming to her work, "it is their right, and an essential part of democratic government, but the history of the world proves that rights have to be conquered. Let us not, however, lose sight of the fact that the ballot for either men or women is not in itself an end. Political rights are weapons by which the will of the majority may be carried out if that will is definite, positive, and intelligent. Note, my friends, that I say the will, not of male human-beings, but of the *majority!*"

She paused and her hearers rustled and murmured, perhaps to show that they appreciated the point, or perhaps because they were beginning to feel restive and bored; but all unconscious, the orator resumed her subject. "Why should women," she asked them, "allow men to make laws which govern the education and moral welfare of their children, which regulate conditions that have directly to do with the welfare of their households, for which men hold them responsible? Pardon me if I quote what one of the greatest of my countrymen has said —" she looked at them deprecatingly and wistfully, for alas, she began to see that the will-o'-the-wisp feminine attention had begun to go astraying — "the strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be the one uniting —" To her surprise a burst of vigorous applause interrupted her here. She had forgotten that she was not addressing the Vassar Girls' Suffrage Club; that she was speaking to a German audience, and a fashionable audience at that; she forgot too, in her own interest in her subject, that a fashionable audience has to be amused, that they had come to Frau von Eckhorn's that afternoon mainly for that purpose.

The boycott was great fun, Oh, yes! It was awfully amusing to flout and bully-rag and defy the men, but where was the fun in being lectured about your duty to your children and about the inside principles of woman's rights? They wanted their rights, of course — everybody wants them — but it was an awful bore to be told what they were. And so they clapped, frivolously, good-humoredly, and with no intention of being rude, to signify to Emma that they were tired of being serious.

Someone in the front, near enough for Emma to hear what she said, suggested that they all go out and have tea at "Höhne's," and a handsome young woman with a chinchilla-trimmed coat, and a large scarlet straw hat — it was a chilly day for all that it was spring — began to call in English for the plantation lullaby as sung by Emma which had become so popular with them all.

It was very discouraging and very humiliating. Emma had hoped that they really cared a little more than that, and she had a lot more to say to them, a flight of eloquence yet unlaunched, in which she intended to liken the search for feminine freedom to the search for the Holy Grail, and a num-

ber of telling facts to add, but she bowed to the wave of popular feeling, thus proving herself a diplomat of the first order, and with her most charming smile wound her speech up short. She said it was indeed too long, and as a finale, in response to well-bred calls for it from all directions, sang the song they wanted.

Emma sat down amidst furious hand-clapping, and the good humor of the meeting having been entirely restored, the audience listened in patience to the Princess Ruhlenburg's outlining of the contents of the handbills, and made contribution toward their publication with a spirit that almost amounted to enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XII



First the men, I mean the husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts of the women concerned in the affair, took the matter apathetically. It was as if this astonishing insurrection against the known order of things, this revolt against precedent and the traditional superiority of man, had acted as an anæsthetic upon them, for it was some time before they could recover from their bewilderment sufficiently to take general action against it.

They said to themselves, "Gertrude and Alma and Julia and Ermentrude and Sophie will surely — will surely —" here they gave startled looks at one another over their spectacles, "will surely, come back. Yes, when they have tired of their folly, when the joke ceases to amuse, they surely will return to us of their own accord." And they tried to conceal their consternation from one another and had their rolls and coffee in the morn-

ing, and their two o'clock luncheon all alone and pretended that they liked it. Also they tried to make believe they liked to have nothing to do in the evenings but play "Skat" among themselves, and that they did not mind having the whole machinery of social entertainment at a standstill — no opera parties to attend, no dinners, no balls, and no week-end gatherings on beautiful estates.

Secure in their confidence that the deserters were not serious in their purpose, and that very soon they would be home again, the men stuck it out gallantly — for a week.

But when they found that Ermentrude and Bertha and Alvina did *not* return, and that they, princes and dukes and barons of the realm and members of the Reichstag, merchants and commanders in the Imperial army were to be left permanently to the management of households, to the care of children, to the entertaining of their friends, and, worst of all, to their own company, their wrath knew no bounds.

Rumors of the gay times which the insurgents were having among themselves further enraged the men, and peremptory summonses were sent to the elegant edifices on this fashionable street and

that, which had been turned into residence clubs to shelter the mal-contents. Footmen were despatched to the very doors of these buildings in all sorts of coronetted equipages with instructions to wait until the erring ladies appeared, when they were to inform them that the carriage and their lords and masters "waited."

Furious demands for their immediate return to home and wifely duty were made by telephone, and pathetic letters were sent imploring them to abandon their wickedness, and painting dismal pictures of lonely husbands and neglected infants left entirely to the care of the "Spreewalderin," fashionable Germany's nursemaids. Anguished entreaties from banished sweethearts, and indignant letters of expostulation from stern fathers, also were received at the club, but no husband, father, sweetheart or brother made his appearance in person — and the women laughed to find it so. For of all things in this world to a man, his dignity is most dear, and no one of them could bring himself to risk public ridicule by a repulse at the door of a woman's club.

Even the most high emperor was human enough to share this trait of mankind, and it was

the fear of ridicule, when he heard in his retreat at Corfu of this new movement in behalf of woman suffrage, which had followed so close upon news of the suppression of the Niedenfels Suffrage Emigration Society, that kept him from crushing out by imperial edict and force of arms the curious and unprecedented form of rebellion. For how can a government employ armed forces against women and keep its dignity? The militant suffragettes in England had made the whole country ridiculous by inviting that method of preserving order — the Kaiser hoped Germany might be saved from a like necessity. But how to accomplish it? — that was his problem. To be sure, there were only three hundred women involved; it might seem easy enough to quell them, but unfortunately, those three hundred women were related to the foremost men in the kingdom, and among them were princesses of his own blood and family.

No, most decidedly he could not call upon his police to aid him in this crisis. Diplomacy was the only thing that could avail in a matter of such peculiar delicacy. But the Kaiser was a master-hand at that, and did not immediately give him-

self trouble to think out his plan of action. It was very pleasant in Corfu and he would be home in a month, and he did hope by then that the women would have tired of the joke and returned to their homes before violent action on the part of the men had brought the matter to public notice.

In the meantime, while the Kaiser was thus considering the matter on his estate in the Mediterranean, the Berlin Boycott League was having a fearful and wonderful time. To begin with, they made a point of cutting all their masculine acquaintances whenever they met them. Also, in order to anticipate any move on the part of their masculine relatives to employ force, the great ladies were not seen except in carriages and motors or on foot in defiant groups.

As a proof of the extent to which they carried the thing a pitiful story was told among indignant residents of Berlin, who sympathized strongly with the poor persecuted boycotted men, of the attempt which a distracted husband made to induce his wife to come back and look after their two-year-old son.

“He won’t let me out of his sight and cries

for you all the time," asserted the harassed father, encountering his wife and three friends as they were coming out of a shop on the Friedrichstrasse. "I can't attend to my affairs any longer — I can't do anything but sit at home and hold his hand!"

The wife, it was said, had appeared much moved by this touching proof of her child's dependence upon her, but knowing that the nurse she had left in charge was perfectly efficient, and that her mother-in-law had come to her husband's rescue and was staying in the house, she resisted all efforts to persuade her to return home. Surrounded and supported in her decision by her three friends, the noble lady made her way triumphantly and cold-bloodedly (or so the tale was told) into her motor and swept away, leaving her husband disconsolate and deserted on the pavement.

Another exciting incident of the kind was recounted in which Helga von Carlepp, the handsome young daughter of the court physician, encountering her angry father just as she was entering the Kaiserhof with two friends, had defied him to carry out his threat of compelling her by force to return to the home in which she was house-keeper, and had run the length of the block pur-

sued by her stout and choleric parent, before a passing taxi had rescued her from his clutches. This to the edification of an increasing cortège of nondescript admirers collected from the street, who kept pace with the participants in the race and betted joyously on the result.

Parties for women only were the rage, and the placid citizens of Berlin became accustomed to see opera and theater boxes filled with parties of beautifully appareled unescorted women. Even the restaurants bowed to the custom. What could they do? Surely not refuse to serve supper to half a dozen at a time of the women of the court circle, several of them nearly related to the imperial family?

Dinners and dances also were given, some at private houses, where dowagers and women whose husbands were away could manage it, and some at the clubs, and each hostess vied with the other in making the manless affairs extravagant and gay.

It was left to the American, Princess Ruhlenburg, however, to bear off the palm in the matter of novel entertainments. As the palace where she lived and everything in it was her own by right of the immense sum she had paid to free

it — with the rest of the estate — from debt, she had not removed to a club as had the majority, when the boycott was declared, but instead had served notice upon her poor little husband to vacate the premises. And the Prince Ruhlenburg, because he both feared and loved his wife, and because he was dependent upon her by arrangement of her shrewd American father for every penny he put into his pocket, had no choice but to obey.

The dinner dance — which she had elected to give — was to be held in the white salon of the palace which occupied the whole front of the second floor, and the entire three hundred members of the Berlin Boycott League were asked. But the charm of it, the thing that was to make it different from other entertainments, the thing that lent spice and piquancy to the party, was that it was to be a costume affair, and not only that, but a costume affair of a certain kind.

The happy American ingenuity of the Princess Ruhlenburg had suggested to her, since flouting and ridiculing the other sex was the order of the day with the B. B. L., to ask half her guests to come as young men and the other half as ballet

girls. This of course necessitated much expense in the matter of obtaining costumes, especially in the cases of those young women who had not been able to beg, borrow, or rent dress clothes and who had to visit tailors; and the bills for the frolic made fathers and husbands, to whom they were promptly sent, stare in astonishment, and tear their hair with rage.

The great evening came at last. The carriage entrance of the princess's palace on the Kaiserallee had been resounding to the roll of wheels and the noise of motors for an hour past, and now the great white salon on the second floor with its dozens of small tables glittering with silver and beautiful with flowers, was crowded with guests, and the banquet was well under way. But what a singular banquet, what an unusual sight the guests presented! The tables were filled with slim figures arrayed in dress suits, and with long hair coiled tightly against high linen collars. Between every two of these pseudo men sat a ballet girl.

It had been understood, of course, that there were to be no footmen present at the dinner and the princess had kept her word, it was served by waitresses. So the women who came as dancers



“I have never felt so wicked in all my life”

had not been less daring in their choice of costume than their sisters of coat and trousers.

Emma marveled at the scene and admired its novelty, looking around from her place beside Sigart at the princess's table, with dazzled eyes.

"Did you ever in your life see anything like it?" she said, turning in amazement to the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin. Sigart who had come in the costume of an officer of cavalry with black coat, white riding breeches and tall shiny boots, and who looked stunningly handsome for all that the uniform was such a close fit, laughed recklessly. "I have never felt so wicked, my little Emma, in all my life," said she.

The fun waxed fast and furious. Here and there a dowager in a uniform, or a young matron strutting in her liege lord's purloined evening clothes, got up and, amidst cheers of approval and excitement, proposed toasts to the confusion of husbands and fathers, or to the domestic freedom of women, or to the end of masculine despotism.

Songs were started from all over the room, and at one table a striking looking girl in a Hussar's uniform, whom Emma observed was the one who had called for the plantation melody during her

speech at the Countess Eckhorn's, mounted a chair and began to sing.

Yes, certainly everyone was having a very good time, and it was right at the very height of this good time that the singular interruption occurred, which before long changed the character of the evening from gay to serious. Just as the young lady with the smooth, light hair, boyish figure, and glorious voice, had finished singing, a strange sound from the street outside arrested the attention of every guest in the room and caused every voice to hush. Though none there had heard the sound before, they recognized it at once. It was the angry murmur of a mob.

Several guests, among them Emma and the Princess Ruhlenburg, sprang from their seats and rushing to the long windows in the middle of the room, stepped out on the balcony. They looked down wonderingly into the street and saw it filled from side to side and end to end with people. But what kind of a mob was this? Probably no stranger one in the history of the world had ever collected before a palace. Instead of the starving dirty faces and miserable rags of the work-people of Paris who threatened Versailles; of the poor of

St. Petersburg who gathered before the Winter palace in the year of Russia's great famine to demand bread of the "Little Father," or of the hunger-driven rioters in London who threw stones at Whitehall till their wrongs were righted, they saw clean faces and sleek forms and white shirt fronts, high silk hats, and fur overcoats. It was a mob of gentlemen accustomed to dwell in luxury.

A shout went up from the street the minute the women appeared on the balcony and instantly three or four hundred voices began to chant in determined, menacing German—"We want to come in!" The princess turned excitedly to Emma. "Good Heavens!" she said, "it's our revered relatives, the fathers and husbands of us all, demanding that they shall be admitted to our party!"

"Of course!" said Emma in consternation, "they're trying to break the boycott, that's what they're doing!" They went to inform the others of this unexpected and startling state of affairs and while they discussed it and excitement ran high, all the time that monotonous chant, "We want to come in! We want to come in!" continued from outside.

"Perhaps we'd better parley with them and tell them it's no use — they won't be admitted," said the princess at last. "I wish they'd go away, it's spoiling the fun to have them clamoring like that every minute, silly old things!"

Emma considered a moment. "I don't know but it would be as well to warn them that we're not going to pay any attention, that they're not going to get in," she said.

"So do I. You go, Miss Daingerfield," said the princess. So Emma went. When they saw her come out on the balcony and hold up her hand for silence the mob of well-dressed men ceased their chanting and prepared to listen to what they saw was an emissary from the mutinous females within the palace.

The night was clear and mild and the trees in the Thiergarten bulked darkly behind them, and the light from the palace windows fell on their shirt fronts and uplifted faces. Emma almost thought as her gaze wandered over the silent throng that she recognized Adrian Kimberley among them, and wondered sub-consciously what he was doing there.

"Fellow voters," she began, in her careful Ger-

man, and her voice was heard to the farthest confines of the gathering, "if you really want to come to the party there is but one way for you to accomplish it. Write on your visiting cards your promises that you will become loyal suffrage supporters and we will welcome you to our dinner-dance with —" "Tears of joy" was the phrase she was going to employ but someone interrupted her. The princess who had been standing right behind her all the time suddenly stepped in front, leaning far over the balcony.

"With open arms!" she finished loudly, taking up Emma's speech. "Make yourselves passports such as my friend describes, and we'll welcome you with open arms! If not," she went on, "you'll just have to keep on staying outside!" And all in a moment as she smiled down on them they realized what it was going to mean to them to stay as she said "outside."

"Let us in!" they cried appealingly, and it was the voice of One Man crying to the One Woman, but it had lost for the moment the ring of authority and superiority, and had taken on a tone of supplication. And the eternal coquette — I mean feminine — because she saw them come

closer, drew back, and laughed at them and their emotion, and waved her hand mockingly.

“Who’s that knocking at the door, door, door?” she began in a sing-song voice. “Is that you, Sam? Is that you, Jim? You’re not good-looking, so you can’t come in!” She stopped to laugh at the success with which she had rendered the old American ditty into German, and then leaned over and called in her natural voice, “At least not until you get your tickets ready!” Then still laughing she left the balcony, followed by Emma.

“Do you think that was quite wise? To taunt them, I mean,” questioned the latter seriously, as they stepped back into the salon, which by this time had been cleared for dancing and was rapidly becoming crowded with youths in dress suits and ballet girls waltzing blissfully in happy indifference to what had been going on outside.

“Why not? I just did it for fun,” said the princess, shrugging her shoulders and smiling.

“Because it might incite them to use violence,” Emma replied, “they might compel us to let them come to the party by *force*!”

The princess sobered suddenly. “That would

be flat," she admitted, "humiliation unspeakable! Imagine returning to our homes as our husbands' prisoners!"

"It would end the boycott, of course," Emma replied, "and we should have to say good-by to the chance of gaining the ballot by that means. Let's hope they don't grow really angry."

The other woman yawned and stretched her beautiful arms above her head. "Oh, well," she said, changing ground again, "let them. I don't believe they *could* get in! I've had the doors and windows on the first floor all locked and barricaded and the footmen—" the princess believed that a subordinate position was the proper one for man and had not dismissed her footmen as so many of her friends had done — "have orders to stay on guard. I don't believe — Mercy! what's that?" The sound that had caused her to break off so abruptly was the dull, terrifying boom of exploding dynamite.

The orchestra ceased playing and the dancers stopped waltzing. One and all they stood listening so intently you might almost have seen their ears prick up. Then another explosion followed directly beneath the window where the main en-

trance to the palace was, and after that, the shattering of glass on stone.

Every woman in the room screamed, and the waitresses came rushing in from the hall terrified and disordered. "Run, your Highnesses! Run, your Ladyships!" they cried, "they are battering down the doors; the men will soon be in the palace!"

CHAPTER XIII



HEN there was consternation indeed. Distracted beings in masculine attire, emitting fearful feminine shrieks, ran this way and that, crying madly for cloaks. It was the Princess Ruhlenburg's presence of mind and courage that brought order out of panic and confusion.

"Ruhe! Ruhe!" she cried, to call them to attention, and sprang upon a chair. That voice accustomed to command, calmed the frightened women and compelled them to listen. "If we let the men come to the party now —" she went on (in German of course) — "the game is lost — the boycott is broken! Shall this be, sisters?" she paused.

They rallied bravely. "No! Never!" came the stout reply.

"Then let them find us gone; the dance abandoned! To our cars and carriages, friends;

with haste we can escape by the other entrance while they are trying to get in the main door!"

She turned and went rapidly toward the door at the other end of the banqueting-hall, followed by every woman in the room. So great was their haste that they did not even go to the cloakroom for their wraps and so great was their fear of capture by avenging lords and masters that they had hardly left the room before the orderly retreat planned by the intrepid princess became a rout. Some ran down one corridor and some another in their eagerness to escape, and soon the brilliantly lit palace was filled with the hurrying figures.

The astonished lackeys encountered in the flight stared and stared. What strange butterflies had the beautiful chrysalis of rich wrap and mantle evolved? Surely these could not be the three hundred women they had admitted into the palace not two hours ago? Emma was not frightened. She did not have to fear capture for there was no one who had either a legal right or that of a relative, to capture her, but she had, as instigator of the boycott, something of the feeling which a labor agitator might have had under the same circum-

stances, and she felt quite as anxious to gain the safety of a carriage, or automobile, as any of the fugitives. She worried a good deal, too, for fear all the women would not escape.

Somehow or other in the confusion of the retreat, she had lost sight of Sigart and the others, and now found herself all alone, running up a long corridor in the direction of the carriage entrance to the palace by which she had arrived. It was a beautiful wide promenade with crystal lights and dark inlaid floors divided in the middle by rows of columns of green marble. Emma admired it as she ran, but she was startled for a moment, as she looked about her, to note that she was not alone and that another girl was running along on the other side of the hall parallel with her. Emma was very much astonished to see, too, that the other girl's costume was the mate to her own, and she innocently began to wish that she looked as dainty and fairy-like herself, when she saw it was nothing but her own reflection in an enormous mirror that ran the length of the apartment!

Pleased by this discovery, she stopped and looked in the glass with childish glee. To her sur-

prise she beheld not only her own image but that of a young man in evening dress with tall silk hat, running swiftly toward her from the other end of the corridor. He had fair hair and an attractive good-looking face, and he was not German, as she might have expected him to be, but American. She cried out in alarm, and turned bewildered, to face — Graham Horde. Yes, it really was he.

The shriek that Emma gave then was worthy of a tragedienne. She turned short as a polopony does, on the same spot on which she stood, and darted back in the direction from which she had just come and in her anxiety to escape, forgot to wonder that Graham was without his usual encumbrance of chain and ball.

Horde was astonished that she could run so fast. He had hard work keeping her in sight as she turned a corner and raced through the picture gallery and a music room or two, and it was not until she reached an upstairs "lounge," to use the English word, furnished with gorgeous pictures and huge brocaded chairs, that he caught up with her. There she stopped suddenly, just as he was really beginning to think he would never

catch her, she had had such a tremendous head start, snatched a velvet cover from a gilt table, though the action sent a valuable vase headlong to the floor, and threw it around her ballet girl costume.

"How dare you!" she cried, confronting him with chin in the air and blazing eyes.

For once Graham Horde did not laugh, though he might well have done so, coming to an abrupt halt as he did before this astonishing figure of comedy draped in a tablecloth, with hauteur so absurdly out of keeping with its appearance. Instead he stared at her for a moment without speaking, and if Emma had not been so shaken by her surprise at seeing him when she had thought him miles away, a prisoner in Niedenfels, and by anger at his pursuit of her, she might have seen that there was something very unusual in his expression, something sobering and terrifying.

"Stop staring at me," she said sharply.

"I'm not staring at you," he exclaimed indignantly, and came close up to her and took her roughly by her white round arm. "You little idiot," he said, "I've been looking for you every-

where. Don't you know what all this monkey business has resulted in? "

Tears came to the prideful eyes of the young girl — no one ever before had taken Emma Lee Daingerfield roughly by the arm; but she heard herself answer him meekly, much to her surprise, "No, Graham, I don't."

"The palace caught fire in the bombardment," he said simply. "It's on fire now — come on, we must get out."

"Oh-e-e-e —" cried Emma, opening her eyes wide in terror, and without more ado she put her arm in his and they hurried down the hall.

"I suppose you know you were n't going in the right direction for the carriage entrance?" he said. "That's the only reason I found you. All of the others got out long ago. Very few of the men ran after them, even. They were too busy with the fire."

"You know the way out, don't you?" asked Emma, panting a little and leaning more heavily on his arm. She was very tired.

"Oh, sure!" he said confidently, "instinct tells me it's this way!" and he turned another corner. But it was not at all, and when half a dozen more

turns failed to disclose the stairway he was searching for, he began to look very sober.

"You'll surely find it, won't you, Greggy?" asked Emma imploringly, stumbling over the table cover which she still held around her as an improvised cloak.

"Of course," he answered stoutly, though his heart misgave him; "now, don't you worry, dear!"

"It reminds me," said Emma, slightly cheered, as they hurried through another suite of gorgeous rooms, "of a nightmare I used to have at home. I used to dream I was locked up in some big department store and had to spend the night there."

Horde forced a laugh. "That was funny!" he said, "come on, let's try this passage!" But that passage led them to nothing that at all resembled a stairway. The palace was enormous and the number of rooms that looked alike was confusing. The young man began almost to believe they never would find the way downstairs.

"Oh, dear!" said Emma, when they had hurried on in silence a while longer. "I'm so tired!" and a loud sob escaped her. She was so little, and tripped so pitifully that Graham's

heart was wrung; he was apparently failing her so miserably.

“ I ’m sorry, darling,” he said — he had a very moving way of saying “ I ’m sorry.” “ But if you ’ll promise not to cry, please God, I ’ll find the staircase yet ! ”

But at that moment just as he made this hopeful speech a whiff of something burning came to him down a long, blue corridor.

“ Smoke ! ” said Emma, turning a little pale.

“ Yes,” said Graham calmly. “ Smoke, but here also is the stairway,” and he turned in the other direction confidently. He had not the remotest idea that he spoke the truth, but as it happened — perhaps his prayer of the moment before had been answered — he was right. Behind a screen of palms on the landing sweeping down from a loggia was a broad marble stairway. They rushed down it hand in hand.

“ Let me see,” said Graham, pausing on the last step to take his bearings, “ here are windows, there must be a door near, a side door, I imagine, this corridor does n’t look as fancy as the others. Yes, there it is up there by that statue.” At this moment from the big square lower loggia to the

right, with every appearance of haste and anxiety, came Adrian Kimberley.

“Ha!” he exclaimed, halting at sight of the two on the stairs, “I’ve been looking for you everywhere, Emma —” the words by this time had a familiar sound to the girl. “So you’re safe!” He rushed to her and took her hands.

“Yes, she’s safe,” said Horde coldly, and Emma said, “Yes, thanks, Cousin Adrian, I’m all right. Graham is looking after me.” It was the bare truth and she did not mean it for a repulse, but it had that effect. The older man dropped her hands at once.

“The carriage entrance is at the other end of the hall,” he said. “I’ve just been there. Come on and I’ll show you the way.” But the younger man had not so soon forgotten the day at Niedenfels when Kimberley had appeared to such advantage, in that affair of the police officers, and he did not intend now to hand over his spoil so easily. He had rescued Emma from whatever peril there was and he didn’t propose to share that happiness with anybody.

“I think we can get out by this side door, thanks,” he said. “Come on, Emma.” But

Miss Daingerfield observed suddenly that there was blood on Kimberley's left temple.

"You've hurt yourself?" she said with concern.

"Nothing to signify," Kimberley replied, "a bit of glass from one of the windows the explosion smashed," but he smiled gratefully at her with his rather pale lips.

"I'm so sorry!" began Emma, hanging back from Graham's arm.

"Come on!" said Horde again, "we'd better get out," and as she reluctantly followed, he reflected with bitterness upon the strangeness of girls, who never were satisfied with the attention of one man if another was about. When they had opened the door a green light above their heads showed that it led out into a side alley, and they saw with profound thankfulness that somebody's carriage was waiting there, a beautiful little brougham with a gold coronet on its purple and white door. They stepped eagerly out into the cool April night, hardly able to believe their good fortune. The horses were jumping and dancing about as if they suspected that there was fire in their near neighborhood.

“Drive to the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin’s,” said Graham authoritatively, and made to open the door.

“But this is the carriage of the Baroness P——. I was told to wait here,” replied the coachman in fair English.

“It’s all right,” Horde answered. “You are to take us, and keep the horses still, will you?” The excitement of the evening began to tell on him. With that he opened the door and helped Emma in — cried once more “to the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin’s at once,” and sprang in after her.

The coachman without further protest, either awed by the American’s authority or convinced that his mistress by that time must be safely on her way home, and that the vicinity of fire was no place for him, let his horses go and dashed rapidly away down the alley.

Graham and Emma never did know what happened to the Baroness P—— that night, but as they afterwards heard that the fire was put out before much damage was done, and that all the women escaped from the palace without accident and uncaptured by irate husbands and fathers,

they concluded that their action in borrowing her carriage had not done much harm.

“And now will you please tell me how you got here?” demanded Emma, when they found themselves safely in the carriage and on their way to the Gräfin Sigart’s, “and how you escaped from Niedenfels, and — for mercy’s sake —” here she looked down at his ankle in the greatest surprise as she missed for the first time its usual adornment — “*where* are your chains?” He looked at her a little apologetically, but brimming over with mischief.

“My dear girl,” he said, “that was all a farce, that prisoner business; did n’t you guess?” She sat bolt upright on the luxurious seat of the coupé.

“Guess?” she repeated. “Guess what? You know I did n’t guess anything.”

He cocked his head on one side in a way that had become dear to her, it was so characteristic of him, but which irritated her now.

“Well, nothing much,” he said, “except that those chains and things you and Miss Simms selected from the castle armory for me with so much loving care must have been going on five hundred years old, and were so weak that any

jay could have broken them. I discovered that in my second week at the castle."

"And *did* any jay break them?" she inquired frigidly.

"Yes," he said, "don't get mad, but I detached that confoundedly heavy ball from the chain and in its place put a big black bowling ball that Heinrich brought from the village for me."

"And why did you do that?" she inquired, controlling her surprise.

He grinned. "So I could enjoy life," said he. "You didn't imagine it was any fun dragging fifty pounds of iron around with me wherever I went, did you?"

"Don't be silly," she replied. "I meant why did you take the trouble to put the wooden one on? If you could break the chain, why didn't you escape, and go back to your old newspaper?"

"For one reason," he said, "because they didn't want me back. I received word just a week after I had been at Niedenfels that they would dispense with my further services." She whirled round. "The horrid things! Why, I should like to know?" He smiled at her indignation. "Oh, well, you know," he told her, "a

fellow has to expect something like that if he does n't keep his word. I said I 'd be back on the next steamer and I never even sent 'em word I could n't do it. I was n't able to, of course, but editors never wait for explanations. If a man does n't show up in time with his assignment, they just get a new man, that 's all."

"And a new story?" said Emma. "I don't see why the story is n't just as good, if you wrote it up and sent it in now?" She actually seemed to be urging him to do what she had put him in a dungeon for saying he would do, not so many weeks ago!

He looked at her a little bewildered, unable to comprehend her change of view-point. "No," he said tolerantly, "thanks for thinking of it, but I could n't do that. You see the time 's gone by. An editor wants what he wants when he wants it. By this time he has fifty stories just as novel to fill that particular Sunday page." She was silent a moment, apparently pondering something. "What I still don't understand," she said, "is why, under those circumstances, when you were n't a reporter any longer and you knew you could n't do me any harm by writing me up, you did n't tell

me, so that you could go free? And then, too, you have n't explained yet why you did n't break your chains the minute you found you could, and get away?"

He looked her in the eyes. "Only one reason why I did n't do both things," he said — and his voice grew gruff and earnest — "I was afraid you might not let me stay at the castle unless I was a prisoner, and I — I wanted to stay." But she would n't understand.

"Still, I don't see," she said. "If you liked being a prisoner, why did you escape at all and come down here?"

He seized one of her hands suddenly. "Little stupid!" he said, leaning toward her ardently, "what was the good of being a prisoner after you had left the castle?"

Fortunately, or so Emma thought, at that instant they reached the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin's house in the Dorotheenstrasse. If they had not she felt sure Graham would have kissed her.

When the door closed upon him at last and left her to her beating heart and her sense of the delicious peril of that moment in the carriage, she heard Sigart's voice softly calling from the second

landing to inform her of her own safe arrival not twenty moments sooner, and of the presence on the newel-post of a telegram for Miss Daingerfield.

Emma, with the assurance that she would be up in a minute, paused on the last step of the great carved staircase to read her telegram. It was from Juliet.

“Return at once,” it read; “something serious has happened. I must have your advice.”

CHAPTER XIV



THE Rhine flowed calmly beneath the distant battlements of Niedenfels, and hill and valley round about the castle were tinged with May-time green. Emma was glad to see it all again and as the motor entered the Schlosshof and she saw old Heinrich bowing and smiling by the drawbridge, she felt a quick jump of her heart almost as if she had just passed through the tall, white gates of that Kentucky plantation which was her home.

She was not alone, needless to say, for Mr. Graham Horde had accompanied her on the trip back as Sigart also had done. The gräfin's devotion to her friend had not been altogether pleasing to the gräfin's fiancé, who had insisted upon following them back in his big black touring car. He seemed to feel that his beloved was in need of his protection while she dwelt among the Philistines, or, in other words, with her wild American

friends. At the same time he complained bitterly of the necessity for spending another week in the small cottage near the castle where he had found lodging before, which did not afford him exactly the kind of fare to which his highness was accustomed.

The girls got out in haste and looked eagerly around. Where was Juliet? It was strange she was not at the door to greet them. Emma hurried into the hall and called loudly to her lieutenant. A very small voice answered her and Juliet came creeping from the library. Her face was quite altered, it looked so grave.

"What is the matter?" said Emma, seizing her by the shoulder, while Sigart, suspecting trouble, took out her pocket handkerchief and allowed her lip to tremble grievously.

"I've something very dreadful to tell you," Miss Simms said bravely, "it was n't my fault, really, Emma, but, oh, Emma —!" she stopped and clasped her hands.

"*What* is n't your fault? What do you mean?" said Emma, bewildered and half frightened.

"I don't know how you'll stand it," continued

the poor little bearer of bad news, "but the prisoner, Mr. Horde, has escaped!" She hid her face with her arm and Emma looked at her a full half minute before the meaning of it all burst upon her and she realized that the serious thing that had happened, which her friend's telegram had mentioned, was nothing more or less than Graham's escape from the castle!

Smiling inwardly in anticipation of Juliet's surprise when she saw what she should see, she wasted no time in words — merely stepped to the open door and beckoned Graham, who was outside fussing with the machine.

The next instant Juliet, looking up to see how Emma was taking the flight of their erstwhile captive, whom Juliet had grown to suspect was more to her friend than she was willing to admit — saw in the doorway a tall young man in a gray suit and a tie of such a lovely hue that it could only have been chosen by the young southerner who had so lately been an inmate of the castle. He smiled at her, his old engaging smile, and Juliet gave a shriek of joy. "Oh," she cried, "Mr. Horde! I thought you'd run away!"

The Niedenfels house-party having thus joyously assembled again, and Graham's little comedy with the chains upon his leg and the fact that there was no further need of his imprisonment having been explained to Sigart and Juliet, they were not much surprised to have the owner of Castle Reichenstein appear among them as they were having tea.

"It was pretty mean," Kimberley accused Emma, when they had finished welcoming the new arrival, "to run back to the Rhine like that without telling me. I'm as fond of Reichenstein as you are of Niedenfels. If it had n't been for my calling in the Dorotheenstrasse just after you had left I would not have known."

Emma explained that the urgency of Juliet's telegram had made her forget everything but her desire to reach the castle as fast as possible.

"Of course," he said, placated, "but now that we're all here again let's not go back for a while; let's have a real house-party"—he looked around on them all with his gayest smile—"in celebration, shall we say," he eyed Graham humorously, "of our late prisoner's release?" They chorused unanimous approval.

"Good," he said, "the weather's so fine now, we must have picnics and rides and dances. And I'll invite some people to stay with me, and we'll have a bully good time."

"Yes, but don't plan for too long, Cousin Adrian," Emma said; "you know I have to be back in Berlin before the end of the week. I have to keep the boycott going until we accomplish our object."

"Oh, yes!" he agreed, "but don't let's think of it now! No one wants to think of work on such a day!" He walked to the edge of the parapet and looked off to where the Rhine leaped and sparkled in the afternoon sun. "Who wants to go for a ride in the launch?" he said, turning back toward them, "there's just time before dinner."

Sigart and Juliet said they would love to and sprang to their feet, but Emma confessed that she and Graham had planned a stroll. Kimberley's face darkened. "You can stroll after dinner," he said, "come on and see the sunset on the water, we've been a long time away from it."

Horde spoke: "Thanks awfully, Kimberley," he said, "but the sunset is going to look pretty

good to us up on that crag," he pointed across the valley.

Kimberley turned without a word more and smiled pleasantly at the others as they followed him down from the terrace. But there was bitterness in his heart. Emma had been so nice to him in Berlin, always wearing the flowers he had sent her and asking for his escort during those first days when she was making acquaintance with her new friends in the court circle, and had apparently been so grateful to him for his assistance in that respect — he knew so many people — that he had almost begun to hope, almost dared to think — Ah! what was it that he had dared to think? And here she was throwing him over for Graham. What she saw in that young fool he could n't imagine. As for Emma, the minute he had left some contrariety of her feminine nature, or was it really her tender heart? made her regret that she had refused to go with him.

"We've hurt his feelings," she said, turning to Graham with wide eyes.

"Well," he said, "you'd have hurt mine I can tell you, if you had gone with him. Which do you hate to hurt the most?"

She refused to say and instead ran to the edge of the terrace. "Good-by," she called to the three figures way down the path. "Ask me some other time, will you, Adrian?" And Kimberley, sensing that this was meant to make up to him for her refusal to come — she only called him by his first name, without the "cousin," on special occasions — waved his hat joyfully and shouted back his protestations that he surely would.

But you cannot conciliate two antagonistic men in each other's hearing. When the young girl turned back from the parapet it was to find a very sulky Graham.

"It's a wonder you did n't go with him if you wanted to so much!" he said.

She took his arm and clung to it and put her sweet young face very near his breast, and looked up at him so friendly-wise, so cajolingly, that his hurt feeling wholly vanished even before she spoke.

"Oh, Greggry," she said, "please don't be cross. I did n't mean anything, only I'm sorry for poor Cousin Adrian, he's had an awfully disappointing life, and he's very sad and lonely!"

He squeezed her arm, ashamed. "That's all

right," he said, "I was a jay to mind. Now where shall we go?"

"I tell you," said Emma, wriggling away from him and looking up at the tower of the castle that was just above them, "up there!" She pointed to the little balcony that opened out of one of the windows. "It's ever so much higher than the hill, and not half so far to go, and I'm tired!"

The idea was a good one; the view, Graham knew, must be superb from that balcony, and he would have consented to the proposal without a second's hesitation if he had not had a reason for declining, about which Emma knew nothing.

The balcony in question hung from the twin tower of that one where the Count Palatine dwelt in fancied security from intrusion, and Graham, as well as Juliet, had discovered the fact of the young man's residence there, although the latter still thought herself the only possessor of the secret. It had happened in this way: Graham had gone out for a walk late one evening after Emma and her two friends had gone to bed; he had had a particularly happy time with Emma and felt the need of a walk and a pipe in which to

think it over. While strolling up and down the old tournament ground where former counts of the palatine had been wont to practice their prowess in arms, he saw, running across the green sward in the bright moonlight a figure which limped as it ran and had a package under its arm — and, incredible as it had seemed at the time, he had recognized a man whom he had known very well at Harvard but had not seen since their graduation six years ago. Graham had been standing in shadow himself and the other had almost run into him before he saw him; their recognition of each other had been simultaneous and joyful.

“Graham Horde!” the one had said, and “Jim Holyoke!” exclaimed the other. Explanations of their respective reasons for being at Niedenfels had followed, and as his friend Holyoke’s business there seemed of more importance than Miss Daingerfield’s, which he had never pretended to take seriously, Graham had been easily bound over to secrecy. For this reason it was that he hesitated when Emma made her innocent request that they should sit out on that lofty little balcony; he feared that discovery of the Count

Palatine's hiding place might follow, as the tower that contained it was hardly twenty feet from the other and its window in full view from the balcony. What if the refugee should be sitting there when they appeared?

But the risk was one that had to be taken. No amount of tactful urging that the hilltop was the more attractive place from which to see the sunset could persuade Emma to give up her balcony. Luckily when they reached it, at the end of a long and arduous climb, he saw after a swift apprehensive glance at the opposite tower, that it was not possible to see into the little room at its top which Juliet had entered that day, and which she did not dream was known to Graham also. Graham found that his friend after all was in no danger of discovery. Needless to say, the young solitary did not allow himself the luxury of looking out of his window in the daytime!

The view was magnificent enough to reward them for the climb, and Emma was delighted. Deep rose clouds were bearing up toward the opposite banks of the Rhine, wrapping the Romanesque towers of Reichenstein in soft effulgence and lending it the aspect of a dream-castle, where

might abide shadowy beings of the legendary world.

Directly below them the hillside fell away in a sheer descent of some hundred feet or so and then continued in a more gradual decline, interspersed with rocks already covered with verdure. Above them on the river they could see the wooded village of Namedy backed by mountains blue with distance, and below, the twin spires of Anderach barely visible where the stream lost itself in the horizon.

The air was transparently serene and clear, and enchantingly warm. The very breath of contentment fell upon the young man and the girl as they seated themselves on the railing and looked out over the scene so that not a word escaped them — only sighs.

How could one think that they would so soon be plunged into heated argument? Yet it was so.

“And to think,” said Emma, when they had been silent a long time, “that it’s to a country as beautiful as this we’re bringing the gospel of equal rights! Oh, I’m so glad!”

“It does n’t make the country any more beau-

tiful, does it?" Horde said. Not with any real intention of starting an argument, but just idly, without consideration. But Emma took fire at once.

"Why, Graham, of course it does," she said, flushing. "Would n't it make it more beautiful to you if you knew that all the women in all those little towns that we see, were happy and contented?"

"They are now," he said. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

She paid no attention to the last query. "How do you know?" she said quickly, facing him. "You just say that because you're a man and you think that women ought to be happy and contented if men are kind enough to govern their country and order their lives for them!" The battle was on and without meaning to at all they had started one of their frequent quarrels on the subject of equal suffrage.

He recognized this fact with a certain sense of enjoyment. It was great fun to tease Emma about her hobby, he had had to abstain so long while he was prisoner that now he was going to have a good time. He lit his cigarette and leaned

back against the castle with one leg on the stone rail.

“My dear girl,” he said, in the patronizing tone that Emma particularly detested, “the mistake you make is in exaggerating the necessity for the enfranchisement of the little dears. They honestly have n’t half the kick coming you imagine they have. They’ll get more out of trusting to the chivalry of mankind than they ever will out of the vote.”

“Graham!” said Emma, in the tone she was accustomed to use when she wanted to bring him up short, and going over to stand close by him, with her hands thrust deep in the pockets of her light wrap, “don’t let me ever hear you talking about chivalry! It’s perfectly true that chivalry may make *some* men humane to women, but our man-made laws do not prevent other men from being unkind and unfair to women, and besides, don’t you see? It isn’t favors we want, it’s justice!”

He clapped his hands softly. “Hear! Hear!” he said.

She smiled reluctantly and continued, “I know you don’t really care, but it’s so just the same.

Perhaps you did n't know it, but this contest between men and women has been going on longer in this country than just the last few years. In ancient Germany it was a struggle for supremacy — the supremacy of the priestess mother over the tribal father — and the women were defeated, completely subjected. Today," continued Emma, while the stupefied Graham, who had never heard her so academic, allowed his cigarette to go out, "it's a struggle for woman not to surpass man, but to take her place by his side and rule on equal terms."

"I see, well stated," said Horde. "But, look here, don't you see that women are n't *fitted* to rule on equal terms with man? That's just the trouble."

"No, I don't," she said promptly. "I know and believe that women are more than able to help administer the government under which they live!"

"Proof, please."

"What proof have you that they are n't? Read history. See what they do in America. Besides," she went on impatiently, "it's not a question of fitness, after all, it's a question of justice."

Fit or not, they 've the right to vote. Who ever questioned whether men were fit? ”

“No one — no *question* about it,” he said triumphantly.

“Exactly,” more triumphantly from Emma, “man bases his claim to the ballot on the natural right to govern himself. The same argument applies with equal force to women. To deny woman the ballot ”—in her excitement Emma’s voice was becoming high and shrill and her cheeks a beautiful pink —“because of her sex is to repudiate her right and claim as a human being. It is to —”

She stopped suddenly in mid-harangue to stare at Graham. He had arisen and was looking about him as if in search of something.

“What is it?” she asked curiously.

“Nothing,” he said, “I was only looking for a stump for you to stand on.”

She rushed at him and began to pound him.

“Oh, you tiresome tease!” she said.

“Well, you know,” he laughed gayly, “I don’t mean to irritate you, but you can’t guess how incongruous it is to hear you throw it into me like that about suffrage when you have on such a con-

foundedly pretty gown and don't look any more like a suffragette than the cat does!"

"You have a man's idea of a suffragette, that's why," said Emma, but she looked pleased, and Graham, seeing that, took her arm and they went to the balustrade and looked down at the river again.

"I bet I could hang you over by your wrists," said he, in a fit of in consequence, "and not drop you."

"Dare you!" laughed Emma, catching his mood and backing away. The show of resistance excited him and he made a sudden dart at her and caught her by her two wrists. She felt like a doll in his powerful hands.

"Are you afraid?" he laughed. She made a face. "Never!" she cried. He lifted her up and lowered her down over the rail. "Now I've got you!" he cried, glorying in the feel of her utter dependence upon him.

It was a foolish thing to do; of course he was more than able to do it, and of course there was not a chance in a million that he would have dropped her, nevertheless it was taking a risk and subjecting them both to strain. It was all over in a

minute and Emma barely had time to gasp before he had pulled her back to safety again, but for all that she had been frightened. That was rather a dreadful sensation, even if it had been a pleasant one for him, to feel herself swinging over that sheer gulf in thin air. Suddenly she found tears in her eyes. "You should n't have done it, it was cruel," she said, with trembling lips.

He saw that she was pale and that he had frightened her. A terrible pang of self-reproach came over him, the feat that he had so rejoiced in as a proof of his great strength, that was meant to prove to her how entirely she could trust to it — became suddenly a black and monstrous deed. Good heavens, big brute that he was, he had used his man's strength to frighten a girl, and a girl that he cared all the world for! Only one act seemed reparation enough. He stared at her a second begging forgiveness with his eyes, and then before she could half comprehend what he meant to do, swung himself over the balcony and hanging on by his hands, let himself slowly down so that he too swung over that terrible abyss. Emma shrieked, half in fright, half in satisfaction, as she realized the motive for the act, then

she came to the rail and begged him to come back. "Don't stay so long," she cried, "you'll be tired."

He saw that he had made expiation and answered joyously.

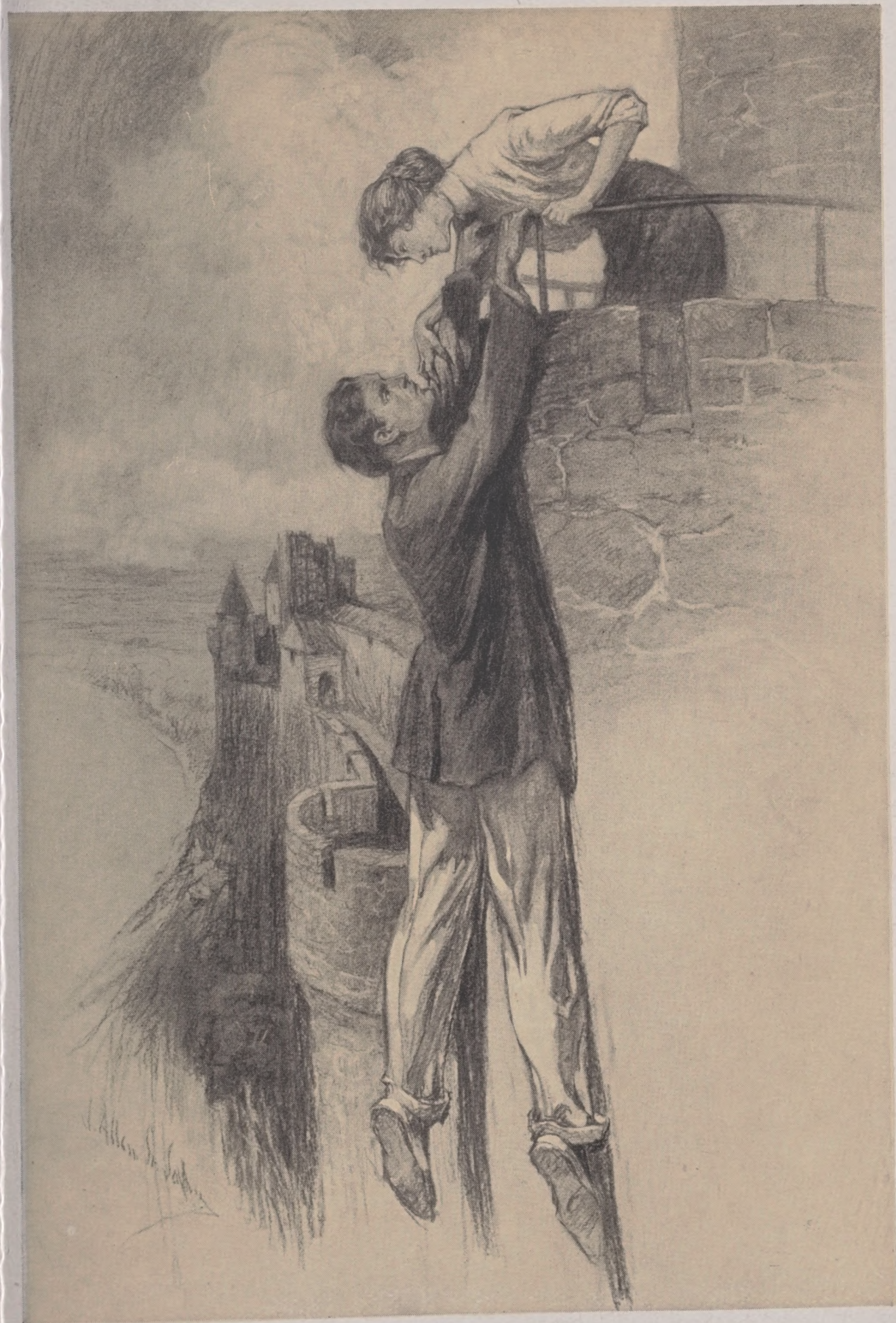
"No, I won't," looking up from between his long arms stretched to the railing top, "I've often hung like this in the gym for minutes at a time. But I'm coming up. I only wanted to—" His voice ceased. Its owner at that moment had unfortunately taken a glance down at the shore hundreds of feet below, the castle walls angling down after a perpendicular drop of a dozen yards or more.

"Why don't you come?" asked Emma, again peering over a little anxiously, although she really had the utmost confidence in his muscle.

"I can't," he said in a muffled voice without looking up.

"Can't?" she repeated, "you're fooling, are n't you, Greggy?" Still she was unalarmed, though she might have noticed how white the knuckles on the rail had grown.

"No, dear," he said, "I'm not fooling this time"—he showed her a desperate, pale face.



With the inspiration of despair she leaned down, as
near him as she could

“The fact is, I feel dizzy.” He laughed a little, inane, silly laugh.

Emma did not scream. The case was too grave for that. Only a horrible cold stone filled her heart all up and stayed there. Project after project for aiding him flew like lightning through her brain, but not one was feasible. If she had a rope — but she had no rope; if someone were near — by the time she had brought someone up to that inaccessible place Graham would have let go. If she were only strong enough to give him a hand? But she was not strong enough to have dragged a man half his size up, let alone his six feet two.

With the inspiration of despair she leaned down, as near him as she could get. “Ah, now, Greggy darling,” she said, “don’t be a quitter and lose your nerve! If you’ll stop playing scared and climb up here instantly, I’ll,” she smiled divinely right into his agonized eyes, “I’ll marry you tomorrow!” The blood came racing back to his face and every muscle and sinew tightened as his man’s pride responded to her appeal to his courage, and his man’s heart responded to that glorious promise.

“You bet your life I’ll come!” he said, and the next instant was on the balcony in safety, with Emma clinging to him and sobbing aloud. Needless to say when they had grown calm enough to think coherently and he understood that the glorious promise was a polite fib, invented on the spur of the moment to save his life, he did not hold her to it.

But he did not altogether lose by the incident, for the memory of the kiss he received upon regaining the balcony stayed by him for many a day.

CHAPTER XV



THAT night Emma was awakened from a sound sleep by Juliet's hand shaking her and Juliet's voice in her ear. "Wake up!" it said. "Wake up, Emma!" The tone was not exactly frightened, but excited. Emma roused hurriedly. "What is it?" she said; "what's the matter now?" The light was turned on and she saw that her friend was fully dressed and very wide awake.

"The strangest thing has happened," said Miss Simms, "you won't believe me—you never believe in ghosts"—her voice had a little triumphant ring, "but the Count Palatine Otho and all his knights—I mean their ghosts, of course—are dining in the banqueting-hall; they've come back to haunt the place you know, just as it said they did in the legend."

Emma was fully awake but she could not quite grasp what the other girl was trying to say.

"What legend?" she asked bewilderedly. "I don't understand what you mean."

"You know, the one about the Count Otho returning from the crusade to find his bride in a convent, that I read to you on the terrace that day. They've come back to haunt the place. Oh, Emma, do hurry and dress and come and see!"

Emma dressed. "How do you know they're there?" she asked with an almost hysterical laugh, it seemed so absurd to be taking this incredible tale seriously.

"I could n't sleep, and I heard sounds of singing and shouting in the building across the court, and I went over to see what it was and there was a little balcony overhanging the banqueting-hall, where the noise came from, and I climbed up and looked in, and there they were, the Crusaders!"

Against her better judgment Emma was persuaded that Juliet was not out of her mind or dreaming, and that she was telling the truth.

The two girls hurried over to the Otho's Bau where the banqueting-hall was, stopping only to call Sigart by the way.

The little balcony overhanging the great hall

was there just as Juliet had said, the stair that led to it opened from another room and they were quite unobserved as they crept up into the place of espionage, which doubtless had been used for the same purpose by many a dame of olden time who was only permitted to observe, and not to share, her lord's high wassail.

Before them lay the great hall with its low rafters upon which the arms of the palatinate were embossed in blue and red and gold, and its stone walls ornamented here and there with rude carvings of rose garlands and angels, and paintings of a later date than the hall itself, while medieval medallions portraying princes and prelates filled the window arches. This room was the background for a scene in which Emma found it difficult to place credence, for it was filled with a gay crowd of revellers of the olden time. Crusaders with flowing plume, minstrels in velvet doublet, and retainers in jerkin and hose, were assembled there, illuminated by the smoky light of hundreds of torches flaring against the walls.

The feast evidently had just been finished, for stools were pushed back from the long table that ran down the midst of the room upon which rem-

nants of it — wild boar roasted whole, great pastries and stews, and deep flagons of wine — still stood; some of the feasters were strolling about in laughter and talk, and others sat and drank, while now and then and here and there, snatches of song burst from them.

The Countess Sigart, bending a little forward from one small window of their hiding place, gave one look down into that curious scene and, her eye lighting on a tall figure in the splendid attire of a Bavarian prince of the eleventh century, which had a royal mien in spite of the rather heavy red face, stifled a giggle and sank down upon a stool and hid her face with her hands. But the other two girls, who had not observed in their excitement that the gräfin from the first had been indifferent to it, did not notice now her strange behavior, they were too interested in what they saw

With pounding hearts and parted lips they gazed into the room below, their eyes lighting in amazement, now on the vision of a Carmelite friar in the dress of his order, now on some superb figure of a knight templar in dazzling steel, and again on the gay motley of a fool.

What under the sun could it all mean? Emma was at a loss to understand. Ghosts she knew they could not be, of that she was sure, but if they were masqueraders, what had brought a hundred or more young men for such a purpose to her particular castle of Niedenfels? She almost felt that the ghost idea was the more logical one.

Juliet caught her suddenly by the sleeve and gave a suppressed cry. "Emma!" she whispered in terrible excitement, "There he is! The Count Palatine! He's come to join the ghosts of his ancestors in their revels!"

Emma looked first at her friend to make sure she had not really lost her mind, and then in the direction of her pointing finger. A slender young knight was standing just below them, wearing over his coat of linked mail and steel breast-plate the mantle of the cross, while a long red plume nodded in his helmet. His vizor was up and his gray eyes even at that distance seemed like two stars in his pale face, and when he moved she saw that one leg, in flexible mail with plated shoe, halted a little. All this she remarked at Juliet's bidding, but she did not see why it was remarkable.

“Don’t you *see*?” whispered Juliet in an awed voice, “it’s the descendant of Count Otho himself! And he’s walking around talking to all those ghosts.”

Emma turned to the highly excited girl and spoke very firmly. “Now, Julie!” she said, “I know you’ve something you want to tell me, but do be calm and sensible about it. What is this nonsense about the Count Palatine and descendants and ghosts?”

Juliet, thus urged, made an effort for self-control and told her friend briefly and rapidly, her eyes never leaving the majestic figure of the young knight, the history of her encounter in the tower with the Count Palatine and her subsequent knowledge of him. “Is n’t it *romantic*?” she went on. “He is the last descendant of his race, and he lives all by himself in this old ruined castle of his ancestors. And now he’s come to help these poor old ghosts celebrate their return to earth!”

Emma dragged her drowning faculties out of the quagmire of confusion into which the disclosure of this stranger’s long residence in her castle and Miss Simms’ intimate acquaintance with him had thrown them.

“And you’ve been seeing him every day?” she said.

“Yes,” the other admitted. And with the word the identity of the spy who had given the Mannheim police such accurate information in regard to the personnel and plans of the Castle Niedenfels inhabitants which so long had puzzled her, became clear to the astute mind of the little southerner.

She started to her feet in deep displeasure. But she was prevented from expressing her feelings at that moment by the sight of another figure in the strange crowd below them. This was a tall young man in the guise of a troubadour, with velvet doublet and hose and long chains of silver falling over his rich lace collar. He had his back against a table, and the knight who had caused Juliet such agitation and the red-faced young man in the garb of an eleventh century prince, were standing by him and laughing at him while he strummed an entirely modern looking guitar and sang in a sweet melodious tenor that was perfectly familiar to Emma, a silly little darkey love song, that the negroes on her father’s plantation had sung many times. And, let it be added, that his

wig of long dark brown curls had fallen to one side and showed his close-cropped, fair head.

This spectacle clinched the matter for Emma, and banished the last doubt in her mind. The thing was then, a masquerade, and whoever the other ninety or so young men she was sure the room contained might be, and whatever the reason for their gathering, she felt certain of the identity of at least one of them, and that the troubadour was Graham Horde.

She did not wait to explain these things to the others, but with a harsh command, "Come with me," fairly flew down the narrow stairs that led from the balcony and burst in through the great door of the banqueting-hall upon the profoundly astonished revellers.

Now, there were several facts that Emma learned afterward, of which she was not aware then. Among other things she learned that the revel itself was not, indeed, an orgy of disembodied spirits, as Juliet would have had her think, but the orgy of a society of students at the University of Heidelberg, to whom the legend of the nun and the crusader was as familiar as Mother Goose is to the average American child. It was their

custom to repair yearly to this ruin of Niedenfels and there carouse in unrestrained freedom in the costume and after the fashion of those crusaders who were said to haunt its splendid banqueting-hall.

Also she learned that it was upon the invitation of the Burgraf u Graf zu Dohna-Findenstein, Sigart's fiancé, who was a graduate of Heidelberg and a former member of the society, that Graham and the Count Palatine, were present at the masquerade. The three young men, thrown together in the same neighborhood, and all victims of the Great Plan, had become acquainted, and feeling the need now and then of robuster diversion than the castle and its fair inhabitants offered, had been delighted to join these Heidelberg students in their annual carnival.

The courtesy of the invitation Holyoke and Horde had returned in some slight degree by promising to keep the matter a secret from the American girls — Sigart, of course, had been told about it by Adalbert — who had, much to the consternation of the Germans, invaded the sacred precincts of their castle.

The banqueting-hall, the two men told their

hosts, was across the courtyard from the part of the castle used by the invaders, and the walls were thick, they could carouse as they liked, no one would be the wiser. Secure then in their American friends' promise of freedom from interruption, the revellers were all the more astonished to behold Emma's sudden entrance.

Her interest in the why and wherefore of the masquerade entirely swallowed up in her excitement over discovering the identity of the person who had revealed the Great Plan to the police, she rushed up to the young knight with the red plume in his helmet, her face aflame with indignation. "What do you mean," she cried, "by telling the Mannheim police about the Great Plan? What do you mean, I say?"

The three young men at the table fell back amazed and not a little alarmed. What had they done to bring upon them this small fury with the flashing eyes? It was Graham who collected himself first, and it was he who attempted to answer.

"Now look here, Emma," he said, "you mustn't get excited about this thing, I advise you —"

She interrupted him sharply. "And who asked

you to advise me about anything?" she said, and turned to Holyoke. "Be good enough to explain yourself!" she commanded. He hastened to take advantage of the permission.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I had to earn some money some way, as quick as I could. I've been studying medicine at Leipsig for two years, and this last semester my funds ran low. I want to be a surgeon, you know, and —"

"And with the surgeons stand!" put in Graham facetiously, his good humor apparently undisturbed by Emma's sharpness.

Holyoke continued without noticing the interruption. "And I knew the police inspector in Berlin — in a perfectly respectable way," he added, catching the smile in Graham's eye — "And he gave me this job to — to —" he began to stammer a little as Emma's expression of severity increased, "to come here and keep track of what went on in the castle and report to Mannheim," he went on. "You see he had to obey orders and send some one but he didn't think it was important enough to waste a good man on, so he gave it to me because he's a friend of mine. And I took it," he ended simply, "because it meant

enough money to put me through next term, and then, too, it gave me a chance to go on studying." He stopped and looked deprecatingly at the justly enraged owner of Castle Niedenfels, who with difficulty curbed her wrath during this long explanation.

She opened her mouth to speak but it was not she who answered him. The crowd of non-combatant spectators, masquerading as monks and jesters and men-at-arms, which by this time had assembled about the principal actors in the scene, saw two girls step from the doorway where they had been lingering and hearing everything that had gone on. While one of them, a tall girl with black hair that came down on her forehead in a widow's peak, sought the side of that masquerader who was attired as an eleventh century Bavarian prince, the other stepped close up to the strange young American in the dress of the crusader, and looked him in his scared eyes, her own eyes big with the tragedy of shattered illusions and the hurt that follows the discovery that you are the victim of your own imagination.

"So you were n't the Count Palatine at all," she said in a low thrilling voice they felt was very

near to tears; "so you were only a spy! A common spy!"

At sight of her the young man looked aghast.

"I could n't help it," he stammered at last; "it was the only way I could keep on studying and earn enough to go back to the university, I had to do it — you know I had to!"

She never changed her tense position. "You pretended to be fond of me and let me tell you all my friend's secrets and you were a police spy all the time!" she said, still in that same wounded tone. "I'll never believe in you — never trust you — again!" She turned her back on him and put her arm across her eyes.

"Juliet!" He sprang to her, but she waved him back. "I shall never trust you again," she repeated with terrible finality. The situation was plain enough, they had cared and now it was at an end. Graham felt very sorry.

"Oh, come, Miss Simms," he said impulsively, coming up to her. "You must n't feel that way about it; he did n't mean to behave badly, I swear he did n't!"

"What do you know about it?" asked Emma surprised at his interference.

"I know Holyoke," Horde returned.

"You know *Holyoke*?" repeated Emma in the most puzzled voice possible, and even Juliet forgot her grief and looked up in amazement.

"Yes," admitted Graham with a cheerful smile, "that's his name and what's wrong about it? He and I were at Harvard together," and then he added as if it were the happiest sort of inspiration, "and you ought to know him too." He turned to the disconsolate "Count Palatine," who stood gazing at the floor, and made the introduction quite as if they were at an afternoon tea. "Miss Daingerfield, Mr. James Holyoke." But both objects of this kindly courtesy were too preoccupied with their own thoughts to pay attention to it.

"And you have known all the while," Emma said to Graham, slowly and reflectively, "that the Count — er Mr. — that he," she pointed her finger at Holyoke, "was staying here at Niedenfels and how he was spending his time?"

"Ever since I accidentally discovered him about a month ago." Miss Daingerfield's face hardened and her mouth set as forbiddingly as such a pretty mouth could set.



She pointed her finger at Holyoke

“And why did n’t you tell me?” she said, “that there was a police spy in my castle?”

He saw then what he was in for, how he had offended. “Why, hang it,” he said, turning red, “I could n’t give him away, could I? It would have queered his job, and it was n’t my secret.”

“What about *my* job, my work I mean — the Great Plan?” He laughed uneasily.

“Why, Emma,” he said, “you know I don’t take that seriously!” He meant to excuse himself, but he merely succeeded in crystallizing her wrath. That was just the thing that she held most against him, his inability to regard the Great Plan in anything but a humorous light.

She took a great breath. “I shall never, never forgive you as long as I live,” she told him, and she pulled off his signet ring that she always wore on the middle finger of her right hand, and held it out to him.

But Graham did not take it. “Emma!” he expostulated, “don’t! Surely, you’re not going to make such a fuss as that over nothing!” Poor fellow, he had only added insult to injury!

“*Nothing!*” she cried, forcing the ring into his hand. “Nothing indeed! I hope when your

best friend laughs at your pet ambitions somebody will tell *you* it's nothing!" But this outburst did not have the desired effect for it seemed neither to crush Horde or reduce him to a proper sense of his base conduct.

He stood looking at the ring a minute as it lay in his hand, then slipped it calmly into his pocket. "Do you mean to say," he said, coming up close and speaking quietly, and not at all in a humble tone, "that you're really going to treat me like this after — after? —" He stopped, for he could not go on and Emma knew he meant after the scene on the balcony when she had kissed him because she had been so glad he had come back to her from death.

But her feelings were outraged, the thing *was* serious to her, and she was hurt that he had showed more loyalty to his friend Holyoke, than he had to her; so her anger, for that fatal moment, swallowed up her love. "I *do* mean to say it!" she answered him defiantly.

He turned around and picked up his silly velvet hat with the long troubadour's feather and addressed the erstwhile Count Palatine Otho, descendant of all the Wittelsbachs, who still stood

silently staring at the floor, "Come on, Jim," he said; "let's go." And with his arm in his friend's and never a backward look he left the room.

Perhaps if at this moment Emma had not caught sight of her friend Sigart engaged in intimate conversation with a young man in the dress of a prince of the olden time who wore a fair mustache and greatly resembled the young officer she and the gräfin had encountered on their ride in the Thiergarten that day in Berlin, she might have given more signs of the shock which Graham's prompt departure occasioned her. As it was her attention was distracted, and with a feeling that she was about to discover some other mystery that she had not suspected, and that it did not matter, because so much had happened already, she approached the careless pair of lovers who started back guiltily when they saw that the sentimental character of their interest in each other had been observed by the person from whom they most wished to conceal it.

"This is a relative of my family," stammered the stupid gräfin, "a sort of cousin." But Emma was not stupid and she saw in a moment with no

feeling of astonishment — the revelations of the past few minutes seemed to have exhausted her ability to feel surprised — that the young man before her and the officer of the Thiergarten episode, and the German nobleman who had been motoring down the Rhine, and had stayed at Adrian Kimberley's the night of his dinner, were one and the same person, and that person the much-talked-of "Adalbert." She smiled a little ghost-like smile at Sigart. "Don't be frightened, dear," she said, "I know you could n't help his coming here."

The relieved gräfin saw that although Emma had guessed the identity of the young man at her side, she had not realized that he was there with the permission and knowledge of his fiancée.

"Dear one," she said, hysterically throwing herself in Emma's arms, "you are so clever!"

Emma patted her shoulder soothingly. "It did n't take much cleverness to see you did n't know he was coming to the masquerade," she said. "Of course, I knew you would n't break your promise to me and meet him on the sly." A moan was the only answer that escaped the perfidious little countess as she burrowed deeper into

Emma's embrace. But she was not punished enough it appeared, for Emma, almost restored to cheerfulness by the necessity of exercising her authority, gently extricated herself from the detaining arms of her friend and in a perfectly matter-of-fact voice, told her that she must send the devoted Adalbert away at once.

"You must make him promise to return immediately to Berlin," she said. Sigart started. "What?" she cried. "Oh, no, Emma, I could n't, he will be so angry!"

"Could n't, Sigart?" repeated Emma, "why not? You don't mean to say you approve of his coming here against your orders?"

The unhappy countess hung her head. If she said she did approve she more than feared that the whole truth would come out, and her double-dealing in regard to her promise to forbid Adalbert the light of her countenance, would be discovered. What *would* Emma say if she could know that Adalbert had been dwelling not a quarter of a mile from the castle the whole summer, and that it was he who had been Tilly's burglar, and about their hiding, the four of them, in the chimney? She shuddered to think of Emma's dis-

pleasure, and so great was her fondness for her friend not to say her awe of her, that she did not try to find out; she preferred continued deception.

"No," she said in a low voice, "I don't approve."

"Then tell him to go, for mercy's sake, and be done with it," Emma commanded, while the Herr Graf Adalbert, who spoke English perfectly and had been listening to this conversation with ever deepening surprise, grew crimson.

"Go, Adalbert," repeated the countess obediently, but without raising her eyes to her lover's face.

"Go?" echoed the young man, with an angry frown, "and why go?"

"He does n't understand," said Emma; "tell him the truth, dear, that you promised me not to see anything more of him until he becomes a suffragist, and that he must n't stay here any longer."

Sigart threw her lover a beseeching glance which she hoped would make him see that what she said was not of her own volition. "You hear?" she said. "Ah, Adalbert, it makes me very sad, but you must do what my dear friend

has said, you must go away and not see me again."

That apparently ended all reasonable discussion of the affair as far as Adalbert was concerned for he suddenly began pointing first at Emma, then at Sigart and then at himself, stuttering terribly the while, and when the poor countess who seemed to understand well enough what he meant, responded by bursting into tears, he threw his arms in the air and turning, stamped out of the room like a little boy in a temper. It was not so dignified an exit as that of the other two young men, but it was very like it in character.

This seemed to be the signal for the general departure of the masqueraders who had finished their feasting some time before, and one and all they began to hurry after the burgraf, and soon there was no one left in the hall except the three girls. They waited in awed silence until the last plume, the last cowl had vanished when the three crept close together with their arms around each other's necks.

"Adalbert!" moaned the countess, and "Otho! Otho!" wailed Juliet, unable yet to grasp the meaning of Graham's revelations in regard to the supposed German count's identity. But Emma

said never a word. The cry "Graham!" was too fiercely and deeply bedded in her heart to pass her lips.

CHAPTER XVI



THE morning following that incredible scene in the banqueting-hall Emma slept late, and when she woke she thought it all had been a dream, but Juliet and Sigart, coming in fully dressed, assured her mournfully that it was only too real, and for proof told her that both Graham and Jim Holyoke had packed their grips and left the castle. Emma said she did n't want any breakfast and turned her face to the wall and they left her.

So Niedenfels was empty of Graham, empty of love! She felt suddenly sick of everything, of the Rhine and the Great Plan and the Berlin Boycott League! If only she could go home how happy she would be! That was all that was wanted, she felt sure, to make her heart light again. She closed her eyes and with all the energy of longing projected her mind back into the great white house with its wide galleries and green blinds

and long windows which seven generations of Kentucky Daingerfields had owned. She saw the chintz-covered mahogany in the living-room, and the portraits of her ancestors on the wall, and the half dozen dogs that always lay by her father's big chair, and she saw her mother, stately and serene, giving orders to Cicely, the old negress, who was at one and the same time, supreme dictator to a dozen or more house servants and "Mis' Mary's" humble slave. And a vision of the high-ceilinged dining-room wainscoted in walnut, came poignantly back to her. She saw the shining lace-covered table, piled with good things of old Mammy Jerusha's cooking, hot breads and two or three kinds of vegetables and preserves. Sitting at the head of it, was her tall father with his silver gray hair and pointed black beard. As plainly almost as if the scene were actually going on before her eyes she saw him peer at the roast as if he had never seen such a thing before, his never failing custom before carving, and heard him inquire of his wife, "What is this, Mary?"

And Emma forgot her trouble and smiled a little as she remembered how at that point she and her mother always exchanged glances, and with

what patience Mrs. Daingerfield always turned to whatever darkey was waiting on them, and instructed him to tell Mr. Daingerfield that it was "beef," or "lamb," or "pork," whichever it happened to be.

But happy reminiscences gave place soon enough to the dreary realization that in spite of her loss of interest and her desire to give it all up she would have to continue with her work as she had planned it. She had told her father that come what might she would stick to her undertaking until she finished it, and her pride compelled her to keep her word. She knew he did not like "quitters." However, if she could not go home right away, as she would have preferred to do, at least she did not have to remain in the castle where Graham was not. No, that she wouldn't do. Instead she would start for Berlin that very afternoon; and she rose at once with that determination.

If the events of the preceding evening seemed unfortunate to some of the residents of Castle Niedenfels, there was one person to whom they seemed entirely satisfactory, and that was Adrian Kimberley. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the news of Emma's quarrel with Gra-

ham, filled him with joy. With his rival thus providentially and unexpectedly cleared from the road, perhaps he would have a chance himself.

Filled with this hope, he made himself indispensable to Sigart and Emma on their journey to Berlin, securing the pleasantest compartments, arranging their luggage, walking with them on the platform at the different stops and providing them at their pleasure with crisp rolls and fresh ham from the station *wirtschaft*. And Emma thought he had never been so agreeable. He came out of himself to a degree that surprised her and talked so charmingly and gayly about the people around them, and the news from home, and the chances of success which the boycott had that she found herself promising, almost before she knew it, that, in spite of that persistent feeling of loss which stood for her thought of Graham, she would see a lot of him in Berlin. Yes, she told him in reply to his eager questions, she knew he was an American, and that the boycott was not directed against him; yes, if he liked he could call for her if she had to go out in the evening; yes, she would be very glad to meet Freifrau von Uhling, who had just come to town, if he thought

she would be interested in the boycott; yes, she would be glad to go to the theater or a concert with him now and then when work became too arduous. Having gained so much, astute and tactful "Cousin Adrian" let the matter drop and suggested that she try to sleep as Sigart had been doing for the past half hour, and fixing a rug over her feet, left the compartment for the smoking car.

When the Kaiser first heard of the Berlin Boycott League and its manifestations in Berlin, he had decided to let the matter rest until his return from Corfu, but upon receiving news of the Princess Ruhlenburg's dinner-dance and of the siege which the husbands and fathers of the boycotters had laid to her palace, and of the dénouement of the affair, he was thrown into a great state of excitement.

What! Mobs in the streets of his capital city, dynamite employed to open palace doors, women defying men and men threatening women, and all this happening among people who formed his court circle and were most prominent in his kingdom, why it was anarchy, *lèse majesté*! It reflected upon the good name of the empire — was

outrageous, and not to be borne. The thing must be put a stop to, this boycott business, or it would get in the papers in Europe and in America, as well as at home, and he would be made ridiculous from one end of the globe to the other.

What should be done? He could promise to become an advocate of their cause, that would immediately terminate these unseemly proceedings, but equally of course he would do no such thing. He could not. Man was woman's superior and must never lose his rightful place. The patriarchal basis of family life, where the man rules supreme and the woman bends her head thankfully to the marital yoke, was the only true one and must not be surrendered. And besides, if it were ridicule he was seeking to avoid, if it were shame that he wanted to save Germany from, the Kaiser shuddered to think how Europe would laugh if it heard that the "Kaiser," Emperor of Germany, and supreme "War Lord," had been boycotted into favoring equal suffrage by three hundred of the ladies of his court circle! No, some other method of restoring order must be discovered and he meant to find it and that before long.

As a preliminary his Majesty sent word at once

to his prime minister in Berlin to keep all notice of this unfortunate state of affairs out of the papers until his return from Corfu.

A week later found him at Potsdam, and as a direct result, Emma heard, on the afternoon of the day following her advent in the capital, that the Kaiser was going to give a ball, and that all the ladies constituting the court circle, and incidentally the league of the fair boycotters, was commanded to attend.

What was more, according to the *Tageblatt* which made the announcement, the ball was to be the greatest of its kind ever before given by the emperor, and was to be at Potsdam, the imperial summer residence, the second week in May. No expense was to be spared to make the affair as magnificent as possible, and there was to be entertainment by the world's most famous artists, singers, dancers, and actors. Rumor had it also that the royalty of Europe had received invitations. But the features that made it of special importance and caused a flutter in every one of the hearts of the feminine guests, was Wilhelm the II.'s offer of a golden cup, such as he presented yearly to the winner of the regatta at Grunau on the Spree,

to the woman who, by vote of the masculine guests present, should wear the handsomest gown.

The point of all this instantly was apparent to Emma, especially when she read about that crafty offer of the prize cup for the best dressed woman. The Kaiser was a true diplomatist, and he was giving the ball with the sole intention of breaking the boycott. Feminine love of frivolity he hoped would induce the women to attend the function to which the men were also invited, and thus would end the revolt without necessitating the humiliation of employing force.

Emma was talking it all over with the Princess Ruhlenburg. To the founder of the League the news about the ball had been like a challenge to battle, a call to arms. "No, no! we'll never go!" she protested agitatedly, "we'll die first!"

The princess shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know about that, my dear Miss Daingerfield," she said. "We *should n't* go of course, and they *say* they won't go, the ones I talked to about it, Helga, and Lena Eckhorn and the rest, but I tell you frankly, it's going to be a struggle to make them stick to it. That golden cup for the handsomest gown you know is almost more than mere

woman can withstand!" She laughed. Already the novelty of the B. B. L. had begun to pall upon her.

Emma looked at her in astonishment. How could she speak so lightly of so serious a crisis.

"Good Heavens!" she said, "they surely won't make such fools of themselves, of us all, as that? They won't give up now, for such a paltry bait? Why, think what it would mean if they held out against it? The Kaiser for very shame's sake would have to capitulate, give us his support in the Reichstag." All her old enthusiasm for the cause came back with a rush in the shock of hearing of this threatened defection of its champions.

The princess looked serious again. "Well," she said, "I really don't know, I sincerely hope not. Of course I should die of the disgrace of it, if Max"—that was her husband—"came back home again without our having won the ballot, but my dear friend, you and I will have to do some pretty strong bolstering I can tell you if we mean to keep the silly creatures from jumping the track!" And Emma, who immediately set about this task, found that the princess' words were true. She and Sigart worked like slaves, giving luncheons

and dinners at which they urged and exhorted the guests to stand firm in their decision not to go to Potsdam, and making house to house visitations of the three hundred members of the League, for the purpose of rousing them to withstand the insidious temptation to surrender, which the ball afforded.

In the meantime, while Emma, in Berlin, was trying to forget her break with Graham in the whirl of business affairs, Juliet, in Castle Niedenfels, was trying to forget, while she busied herself accomplishing those things which Emma had left her to do, that she ever had a friend whom she cared as much about as she did for the so-called "Count Palatine," whose identity as James Holyoke, Harvard graduate and friend of Graham Horde's, she found so much difficulty in remembering.

In gentle melancholy she went about her task of winding up the affairs of the Niedenfels Suffrage Emigration Society, promising herself that she would never think about "him" again, and thinking about him all the time. What a pity that her mysterious adventure with the young knight of the tower had turned out so badly! Her faith

that romance was not yet dead had received a rude blow. How could he have deceived her so; played upon her credulity? It was cruel, and she was well rid of him. But ah! if she could only have him back!

There really was not a great deal of work to be done, she had done so much while Emma had been in Berlin the first time. All the lieutenants of the various stations of the society had been notified of its termination, and she had advised with them what disposition to make of office furnishings and other property of the society, and had arranged, as Emma had empowered her to do, for their return to their various homes. But Lieutenants Dolly Price and Hester Williams wanted to know if she and Emma would n't join them in a tour of England. Mary Kittel wanted to know if she would n't sail for home on the same boat with her, and Amy Pritchard was urgent in her desire that her two friends, and erstwhile superior officers, should meet her in a week or two in London, where she intended to be married, so there was a little correspondence to attend to.

It was toward the end of the week when Emma had been gone about three days that Juliet received

one morning a letter that surprised her very much. It was signed "James Holyoke," and contained the news that the young man had returned from Leipsig, where he had gone on his departure from the castle, and was going to be at Reichenstein that night through courtesy of Mr. Kimberley, and was going over at eight o'clock to Niedenfels, and ended with a passionate plea that she would see him. He need not have been in doubt about that; Juliet was more than willing to see him; she was overjoyed, and at once went to ask Tilly to press out her prettiest dress.

It had been a still day with hardly a breeze to rustle the tree tops but by sundown a wind had sprung up and was whipping the Rhine to foam, and dull and heavy clouds blotted out the color in the sky. Juliet was dismayed. What if it should get too rough for the "Count Palatine"—even now she found difficulty in thinking of him as "Jim Holyoke"—to cross? But the good Frau Bloem to whom she confided this fear laughed at it. A launch could weather any storm, she said. Nevertheless by seven o'clock the gale was tearing its way over the surface of the broad and rapid stream in a far from reassuring manner,

and the Rhine leaped to meet it in boiling eddies and sharp curled waves. Rain fell and the thunder sounded almost continuously.

Juliet had eaten her dinner, and had dressed for the evening, and was sitting in the Alte Bau, in readiness for Holyoke's coming, reading a fascinating book about the baronial wars and the first confederation of the Rhine, but at the sound of thunder she laid it aside and full of uneasiness went to the window. The sight of the angry river did not allay this feeling and she enveloped herself in a mackintosh and with an old hat on her head went out and stood on the cliff and looked anxiously over in the direction of Reichenstein.

She thought Holyoke might be starting early to avoid the height of the storm, which was increasing momentarily, and this surmise proved correct. In spite of the rain and the fading light she could see the launch putting out from the other side of the river. Slowly it beat up-stream against the current and from its frantic bobbing up and down Juliet guessed that it had but one occupant.

"Oh, why did n't he take someone with him!" she thought, anxiously. But she had not yet real

reason to fear, for the little boat was keeping to its course and making a very good diagonal across, and presently she relaxed her tension of thought and found herself watching its progress with some degree of confidence. Then all in a minute, just as it had made a little more than half the distance, and she could distinguish quite clearly the solitary figure on board, something seemed to happen, for most unexpectedly the launch lost headway and whirling around with its side to the raging current, began to drift helplessly down-stream.

The light had almost gone except for a streak of yellow along the edge of the opposite shore, so that it was difficult to tell just what had happened, but Juliet had time to see how fearfully the boat rocked and to observe how closely the figure in the bow bent over the engine before wind and wave and rain swallowed up the picture.

Aghast for a moment the girl stood looking out toward the river while the lightning played hide and seek around the distant towers of Reichenstein, and the thunder bellowed; then she turned and ran along the edge of the cliff till she came to the little chapel that was perched on the highest point of the rocks which, while it connected with

the castle from the inside, also opened outward. She felt that, as there was nothing left for her to do but to pray, the chapel was the best place to pray in.

It was a small building in simple gothic style with the half open pair of compasses carved in stone above the door, which in early times showed that it was commended to the care of the Holy Virgin. She threw open the door and rushed in. The chapel was dimly lit by two candles burning on the altar before a small wooden cross, placed there no doubt by Tilly and Meta who were devoted worshipers. The shape was octagonal, with eight narrow windows filled with thirteenth century stained glass. In the niches between them were statuettes of saints. The candelabrum was also thirteenth century and very elaborate but the object in the chapel which always interested Juliet the most was the great marble tomb in its center which contained the centuries-old dust of one of the former owners of Niedenfels, Duke Wolfgang the First. A statue on its top represented the good knight clad in full armor lying with his sword by his side and his mailed hands crossed on his quiet breast.

Half to divert her mind and keep off the despair which threatened to overwhelm her when she thought of the peril the launch and its occupant were in, and half because she did not much care what she did, she went now to the tomb and looked down into the noble face of the recumbent figure there, fumbling absently the carved breast-pin at the statue's throat which joined the surcoat above the cuirass, while she wondered what those stone lips could tell of death if they could speak. As if precipitated by such speculation, all at once her fear for the safety of the young man fighting for his life out there on the dark river mastered her, and weak with the thought which oppressed her she sank down on the step below.

Oh, if she should never see him again, oh, if those starlike eyes, that hesitating smile, that appealing limp were gone forever from the world! She wrung her hands and told herself that if he were drowned it was her fault, for if she had never sent him away from her he would never have attempted the crossing.

For some time she sat agonizing in much this same way while the thunder pealed and the rain rattled, and then above all that horrid confusion

of noise, she heard another sound, a man's clear tenor. She caught the last verse of the song.

Singing from Palestine
Hither I come!
Lady-love, lady-love,
Welcome me home!

The next instant the young man whose fate she had been bewailing so bitterly was standing in the doorway. Yes, there he stood, drenched but unharmed,—starry eyes, hesitating smile, appealing limp and all! She sprang to him.

"Oh," she cried, "you're safe!" Her tone was enough. That and her attitude crouching on the step of the tomb, were unmistakable.

"Juliet!" he cried, "you *care!* Oh, darling! Darling!"

After a long, rapturous interval during which they were seated on the steps of the tomb, they became more sane, and he told her how it all had happened; how he had known she was in the chapel because the path up the cliff led right by it and she had left the door ajar, and how something had gone wrong with the launch's engine in mid-stream, and that he had been in great peril during the operation of fixing it as it was impossible to do

that and keep the boat's head to the current too. Still he had managed to repair the damage at last and had beaten back up-stream until, wet through and almost exhausted with the struggle, he had reached the Niedenfels landing.

At this point in the tale Juliet kissed him, and although he did not understand that a special reason prompted the caress, it was because she remembered his slight build and his limp. The bravery of those not physically fit had always seemed to her much greater than that of those who were.

But, as he went on to explain again how it was he had come to play the part of police spy in the castle, and her memory of the blow she had had when the scene in the banqueting-hall had first made his identity clear came back to her, for the life of her Juliet could n't help growing colder. She edged away from him and turned her face so that he could not see it.

"I — I don't believe," she began, while he peered at her anxiously through the gloom, "that you really care after all."

He fell back against the tomb. "Juliet," he expostulated, "don't say that, you can't mean it!"

"But I do," she said. He struggled for a view of her face.

"In Heaven's name, why?"

She turned quickly to him. "I don't mind your doing what you did, if you had to — accepting that sort of position — but I *do* mind your pretending to be fond of me, so you could get information out of me and tell the police!" He stared at her more puzzled than hurt.

"But I *was n't* pretending," he exclaimed. "I *was* fond of you. What else do you think kept me here after they broke up the Great Plan? Ah, Juliet, I do care, don't you see I do?"

But she shook her head. "In the light of what's happened in the past," she said, didactically, "I'm bound not to believe you!"

He leaned forward and in the winking light from the candle, his eyes were brighter than any stars that ever shone. "Can't you believe me then, in the light of what's happened *now*?" he said thrillingly. But some latent stubbornness, or perhaps it was the feminine desire to prolong a dramatic moment, prevented her from acknowledging that she could.

"No," she said. He got to his feet. "Then

I might as well have drowned," he said, and took one step to the door.

Probably he had not the faintest notion of throwing himself back into the river from which he had just escaped, but the action had that effect on Juliet. She saw then how dreadfully in earnest he was and knew that he must indeed have been speaking the truth. All his talks with her in their meetings in the tower were indeed sincere and had been inspired by love, and not the desire to find out her secrets. She sprang and caught him by the arm. "Don't leave me, I love you," she whispered, and burst into tears.

So it was all right, and he forgave her for doubting and calmed her, and presently they were talking happily about their prospects for being married. He told her that he had quarreled with his father and that he had his own way to make in the world, and wondered if she minded. But she squeezed his hand, and he went on encouraged. He had always wanted to be a surgeon, he said; his grandfather had been a very great one.

"I want to be like him," he said earnestly; "he was so wonderful, his patients used to say of him that when they went to him in his office, and

trembling tried to tell him their troubles he would stop them and talk about other things and then when he had made them feel calm and happy again, he would take their hands and lower his voice, so that it was as gentle as a woman's, and say '*Now* tell me.' And they found they could." The young man paused a moment, then finished hurriedly: "They all loved him," he said, "you don't know!"

Juliet smiled tenderly at him. "You'll be like that," she said. He kissed her. "I don't know," he said, "but *here's* a piece of news. You know I went back to Leipsig that night when Horde and I left the castle. Well, I went to finish my last term at the university, and while I was there I had the good fortune to fall in with Herr Dr. Zimmer, the most famous surgeon in the city, who took a fancy to me and offered me the position of assistant in his office when I have completed the course."

Juliet gave a little "Ah-h" of pleasure, and young Holyoke went on to explain that this was the best possible thing that could happen to him, for though it meant that he would be poor for many years, it meant too, that if there was any-

thing at all in him he eventually would succeed beyond the hopes of the average medical student, because of the opportunity to learn from so great a master.

And this was the same Juliet who always had told Emma that the prince who was to come riding for her on his great white horse was to be very rich and give her everything heart could desire, who listened now to her lover's picture of happiness under difficulties with little cries of delight and squeezings of the arm. She loved "to be poor," she said, it was "so romantic!" The candles burned almost down to their sockets before the two could bring themselves to return to the other part of the castle where Tilly had been wondering for the last hour or so what had become of Fraulein Simms.

CHAPTER XVII



ND now what had become of Emma? She was still at her post in Berlin working to the full extent of her energetic powers upon the problem of forcing three hundred pleasure-loving, pampered, and capricious women to remain firm in their intention not to go to the Kaiser's ball. The invitations had of course been formally accepted, that was in accordance with court etiquette which held that an invitation from the Emperor was the same as a command, but Emma did not intend, nevertheless, to have the B. B. L. appear. She thought that the revolt would be even more effective if it followed apparent acquiescence and that to defy the Kaiser in fact rather than by letter was better policy. But the task of making her followers obey her was not an easy one, for coupled with their reluctance to give up the dazzling function at Potsdam was their lack of the courage required to take such a mo-

mentous step. It was uphill work, but at last Emma found that to all appearances she was succeeding. Her example and personal magnetism, her unceasing exhortations and exertions supplemented by those of the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin and the Princess Ruhlenburg were having their effect. As the time set for the ball drew near she had the satisfaction of pledging to remain at their homes on the great night the last recalcitrants who had balked at the idea.

"I think we've succeeded," Emma told Adrian Kimberley, who had been her constant adviser and attendant during those trying days, as they motored down the Unter den Linden one afternoon. "They won't go, not one of them! Oh, what a victory it will be!"

He looked admiringly at her high color and sparkling eyes which so perfectly disguised her great fatigue. "I'm sure I hope so," he said; "you deserve success, you've worked so hard."

She sighed and leaned back in her seat. "I just have," she said, "but, Adrian"—she had been calling him that without the "Cousin" all that week—"I must see the end of it, and I want you to help me."

"Of course, but how? I don't exactly understand —" he began.

"I mean I want to be at Potsdam the night of the ball to behold the result of my labors. When I see that none of the ladies of the court circle arrive at the palace door, it will repay me for my exertions."

He looked at her in astonishment. "You wouldn't go in yourself, would you?" he asked.

"No, I intend to wear some heavy dark cloak that will disguise me and stand with the crowd that always gathers to watch such things, and inspect the guests. I'll warrant you they'll be mostly of the masculine persuasion!" She laughed.

Kimberley, as he always did, concealed an impulse to argue Emma out of her scheme. To agree with her instantly he thought was the quickest way to her regard.

"All right," he said smiling, "I'll take you out in my car and see that you don't get mobbed or anything." She smiled too, and put her hand on his, where it lay as it always did in such circumstances, close beside hers.

"You're very good to me," said she.

"Oh, well," he replied, trying to keep the joy out of his voice, "we have to look after the little girl, you know," and gave her a really wonderful look out of his dark eyes. What a pity the right woman was not there to receive and respond to it!

But Emma, her thoughts only on one thing, dismissed him casually at the Gräfin Sigart's door with the words, "In three days, then."

The night of the Kaiser's ball arrived at last, and shortly after eight o'clock Emma in a long, dark coat and close-fitting hat, seated herself in the tonneau of Kimberley's big limousine that he had ordered sent down from Paris for the purpose, and its owner, enveloped in a long duster, gave the direction to the chauffeur and stepped in beside her, and they started on their seventeen-mile drive to Potsdam.

As the big machine swung away down the Dorotheenstrasse Emma leaned out and waved to Sigart who, after seeing them off had stood for a minute in the light of the street lamp on the wide stone steps of her home.

There was no real necessity for the gräfin to go, Emma thought, and she was glad she had

allowed Sigart's dislike of the long and dusty drive to prove sufficient excuse for remaining behind.

They left the city by the Brandenburg gate and ran out through the fashionable suburb known as the Bavarian quarter, through the Grönewald, past Charlottenburg, and so to Potsdam. They were earlier than they had expected to be, and found upon arriving at the entrance to the palace grounds, that it was only half-past nine.

They had stopped the motor in a side street near at hand and Adrian rummaged in the pockets of the automobile and presently produced a small silver flask of wine and some sandwiches in a case. "Here," he said to Emma, "eat a little something, it will make the waiting easier."

She thanked him but only tasted the wine, for she found she was too excited to eat. A portentous feeling that the most important thing in her life was about to be decided, came creeping over her.

"Now, we must go," said Kimberley, when they had been there some little time; "you know there's not a nation in the world like the Germans for arriving early and staying late. Come on, we'll leave the car here." He helped her out and

Emma almost ran in her eagerness as they made their way toward the palace grounds.

The two soldiers of the Potsdam foot guards who stood at each side of the awning, drew back as Emma and her escort passed between them and went down the canvas-roofed approach, which hid from their view the long building with its rows of columns in front, terraced roof, and carved dome which was the palace. They reached the flight of stairs at the other end that led to the door. Above it, between two columns they saw the imperial eagle carved in gold and heard from within the strains of music from the Potsdam foot-guards' band. There they stopped in one of the openings on each side of the awning, where a number of what seemed to be gardeners and stablemen had stationed themselves in order to obtain a glimpse of the arrival of the guests.

Emma and Kimberley had hardly found a place among them when a stream of people began to arrive. These, a man near him told Adrian in German, were the men and women who were to take part in the pageant which was going to be held at midnight and were followed by the members of the Assyrian ballet, another part of the

evening's entertainment, which had been rehearsed and produced under the Emperor's personal supervision, and had cost seventy-five thousand thalers.

An interval elapsed during which no one came and then the guests began to arrive. These seemed to Emma, anxiously peering out from her hiding place, to be chiefly soldiers in uniform, and although now and then a woman appeared it was always someone Emma did not recognize as belonging to the interdicted three hundred.

For twenty minutes or so a stream of men, members of the Reichstag and princes and barons of the royal household, dribbled by, and Emma laughed because it seemed to her excited fancy that she noticed a certain unkempt look and dismal air among these gentlemen, as if they had for a long time been wifeless and without the tender ministrations of loving spouses. She laughed to herself at this thought and pinched the appreciative Adrian's arm.

"Not a B. B. L. among them," she said, "what did I tell you?"

But alas! that confident prophecy had passed her lips too soon. A bluster of motor horns at the far end of the awning announced more arrivals

which materialized presently into a flutter of skirts and feminine laughter.

More performers? No, Emma. Not these, for the myriad electric lights that lit the covered way twinkled down on coronets and diamond-studded coiffures, and long bare necks thrusting swan-like from gorgeous evening wraps. The gay cluster swept nearer and nearer the spot where Emma was standing and soon was level with it, and it was then and not until then that she saw by whom it was headed. It was no other than the Princess Ruhlenburg!

Emma started back as if she had been struck, and Adrian heard the snap of her teeth as she ground them together in that way she had, and a savage little hand reached back and seized his ready one.

"The traitor!" he heard her say. But alas for Emma! There were more traitors than the princess, for following close behind her came member after member of the B. B. L., in one long continuous procession of twos and threes. With despair she recognized this familiar face and that, the joyous Helga von Carlepp, the boyish Hilda Hempfelt, the pasty-faced Countess Eckhorn, the

beauteous markgräfin, who had made such frantic love to Adrian. All, all were there! The cause of feminism had been defeated by femininity; the lure of the golden cup had proved too strong, and the Berlin Boycott League was no more!

But before Emma had more than time to grasp this amazing, this appalling fact, she received yet another shock. For scarcely had the delicate scent of the women's passing vanished when two more guests appeared, this time a man and a girl. The man, Emma observed, was in the dress uniform of the Berlin Black Watch and there was something familiar about the girl. She thought perhaps it was the way her hair came down on her forehead in a widow's peak; then all in a moment, with a pang like a sword stroke, she realized the truth. The approaching figures that leaned so tenderly toward each other and talked so low were Sigart, the Gräfin von Hesse-Schwerin and her soldierly fiancé, the Burgraf u Graf zu Dohna-Findenstein!

This evidence of treachery on the part of her hostess and much trusted friend, completely demolished Emma's fortitude and with a little moan she literally fell back into Kimberley's arms.

“Take me away!” she wailed, “take me away!”

Nothing loath, Kimberley obeyed and they hurried back to the car, Emma leaning upon his arm with entire dependence. Once broken in spirit she was as clinging as the most feminine of women.

“17 Dorotheenstrasse,” Kimberley said to the chauffeur, helping Emma in, and in another minute they were speeding back to Berlin. It was a long trip and rain had set in. Emma was very miserable, and her father’s old friend, her “Cousin Adrian,” was so kind and good to her she could not help huddling close to him for comfort. Perhaps she even let him hold her hand — she did not know or care. But the man knew, and what is more he cared. Her proximity and the warmth and safety of the limousine in contrast to the rainy night, and the sense of her dependence upon him in this moment of supreme disappointment — all were intoxicating, and by the time they reached the Dorotheenstrasse he knew that he could not live another night without knowing whether or not she would marry him.

There was a light burning in the hall, they found, when he had opened the door with Emma’s

latch-key, after telling the chauffeur to wait, and there was another burning over the mantle in the big drawing-room.

"Good night," said Emma wearily, as he hesitated, "and thank you very much for —" But he interrupted her.

"Come in here a minute," he said, "I've something I want to ask you." Too tired and spiritless to demur, or even wonder at the request, she followed him and when they were standing in the big dim room before the hearth she said, "Well?"

He was staring at her steadily and there was something different and unfamiliar about his look that in spite of herself aroused her torpid faculties. "Well?" she repeated, almost anxiously, and had a premonitory sinking of the heart as if a terrible catastrophe were about to happen. Then he answered her quickly.

"You must marry me," he said. She stepped back to the mantel-piece and leaned against it, her hands flat against the travertine marble.

"Oh, Cousin Adrian!" she gasped. Now she knew what the catastrophe was, she was about to lose one of her best friends.

"You must," he repeated, confronting her

again. "I've loved you a long while, I must have you." His "must" almost terrified her, in the demoralized state of her nerves, the result of the evening's blow to her ambitions.

"No! No! No!" she cried, "I can't!" and thrust out her hands before her face. The gesture stopped him. Was it possible he was repellant to her? He flushed scarlet with pain.

She saw the look, and suddenly pity for him overwhelmed her as it had on that other day, not many weeks ago, when he and she had been riding in the Odenwald. She stepped quickly to his side and impulsively laid a hand on his arm.

"Don't look so sorry," she said; "it makes *me* feel sorry, too!" She looked up pleadingly into his dark, unhappy face. Foolish Emma: that was no way to calm the turbulence of his feelings, that look, that voice, were lighted matches to the flame of his longing.

He gave a glad cry and seized her. "You do love me! You do!" he cried and tried to kiss her, but she thwarted him, with one indignant push, and freed herself from his arms.

"You miserable man!" she exclaimed in rage and surprise, for all the world as if Kimberley

were a stranger to her, "how dare you try to kiss me when you know —" She stopped. The thought she had had in her mind was "When you know that Graham Horde is the only man I want to have kiss me," but the words failed her because she suddenly remembered that Graham Horde was no longer hers to kiss. He stared at her, puzzled and rebuffed but not quite beaten.

"You're not going to marry me, then?" he said. Miss Daingerfield's eyes, which had been filling with tears at thought of her lost lover, now sparkled again with anger and amazement. It was astonishing what notions men got into their heads!

"*Marry* you?" she repeated. "Why, Cousin Adrian, you're forty-nine years old!" And with one long scornful, indignant look at him she left the room and began the ascent of the stairs.

And it was that one speech, showing him plainly how great she considered the difference in their ages, which tore away the remnants of his illusion, and he saw that he had been mistaken from the first to the last and that she had never cared, nor ever would. He sat suddenly on an ottoman, and covered his face with his beautiful strong

hands that had no beauty in the eyes of the one woman in the world about whom he cared.

Adrian Kimberley, for all his greater age was not a man to be despised, for he was well bred and finely educated, and he had besides the quality Emma most admired, bravery. His love of adventure throughout all his life proved that, for surely it took a man of courage to cross the red Nekko bridge in Japan, forbidden to foreigners on pain of death, as he had done when he was twenty, and it took bravery and unselfishness to nurse two natives sick with yellow fever until help came, as he had done on a certain trip down the Magdalena River not so long ago, and besides that he knew the most interesting people in every quarter of the globe, and was well aware of the most fascinating ways of spending an enormous fortune. The difficulty he had had in believing that Emma would refuse him is, for these reasons, easier to understand.

Poor fellow, one feels sorry for him as he sits there with the fragments of his castle in the air about him, and his head in his hands, for the pity of it was, that if he had only been so inclined he might very well, with these attractions, have found

some noble, splendid woman nearer his own age to love him. One who would have been able to appreciate his really wonderful charm and the sweetness of character that lay behind his moodiness; who would have loved to stroke his hair and laugh his melancholy away, and welcome the chance to exercise her womanliness in humoring his waywardness and taming the wild hawk that was in him. But this was not to be, for the vision of youth that Emma embodied so exquisitely had obsessed his good sense and blinded his judgment.

He rose after a while when he had been silent for some time, and leaving the house, went out to the motor which waited at the curb. "We'll go back to the hotel," he said to his chauffeur. "I'll pick up my man and my luggage. I have to go to Paris tonight." And he stepped into the machine and sped rapidly away down the Dorotheenstrasse and out of Emma's life; while Emma, upstairs in the room she occupied in the Gräfin Siggart's house, lay on the great bed and sobbed "Graham! Graham!"

CHAPTER XVIII



EARLY the next morning, before the household was stirring, Emma arose and packing her things herself, sent the footman for a taxi. The need of Juliet was strong upon her, and she decided to return at once to Niedenfels without seeing or speaking to the traitor Sigart, whom at an early hour in the morning she had heard arriving from the ball. A note to the young countess's mother, expressing regret that an emergency made her guest's early departure necessary, was left in care of the footman, and Emma hurried to the depot.

The journey to Cologne was passed at last; how, she did not quite know, except that it was filled with an ever increasing longing for the quiet old castle on the Rhine and the sympathetic ministrations of Juliet. As the train drew in to the big depot, and she saw the motor for which she had telegraphed her chauffeur, waiting for her,

this feeling grew into a passion. Yes, Juliet would comfort her, Juliet would sympathize with her, she thought, and with her dear friend's arms about her, the heavy feeling in her heart which had been growing ever since the defection of her lover, and which the wreck of her plans for promoting the cause of suffrage in Germany had increased to an almost unbearable point, would surely lessen. Tears filled her eyes as she stepped into the car and gave the word "home!"

The day was a glorious one and here and there the road gave glimpses of the Rhine sparkling and dancing down in the bosom of the valley. Violets grew everywhere, and flowering grapevines filled the air with sweetness. At last the castle with its familiar octagonal towers came into view, the machine swiftly climbed the last ascent and stood pulsing before the moat.

Emma looked across at the raised drawbridge in surprise. Where was Heinrich? They might have been expecting her when she had taken the trouble to telegraph. But she had not more than time to make this reflection before she saw the old man running across the court, and in another moment the drawbridge was lowered and the port-

cullis raised. Emma remembered as they passed between the little towers of the gate how Graham had flung himself against the fifteenth-century iron grating on that afternoon so long ago when they had caught him in his disguise as Frau von Eberhart.

She compressed her lips, as she got out of the machine, and shook her head. That was no way to carry out her newly formed resolution not to allow herself to think of Horde. She must not let so much as a reminiscence about him cross her mind, for she had sent him away of her own free will and must try to learn to live without him. The Schlosshof was empty, and though the door of the castle stood open there were no signs of Juliet. Impatient at her non-appearance Emma crossed the court with rapid steps and met Tilly coming out.

An unusual solemnity about the hearty, merry-faced old German woman warned Emma that something unusual had occurred and, prepared for the worst by her recent experiences, she asked with an unnatural calm if her friend were "still living."

"Ach, yes, she lives!" Tilly replied in haste,

“but —” She paused. “But *what?*” enquired Miss Daingerfield shortly, her patience giving way. Tilly said nothing but after much fumbling about her person, handed out a thick envelope. “Fraulein Simms haf told me that I should give you this when you return,” she said.

Emma snatched the paper and began to devour its contents. It was indeed from Juliet and after pages of explanation of how it had all come about, and wild and tearful protestations of affection, contained the startling intelligence that Miss Simms had the week before run away and married Jim Holyoke, the pseudo “Count Palatine of the Rhine,” Graham Horde’s friend, and that her future address was “Leipsig.”

Emma had received many shocks in the past few days but none that surprised her more. What, Juliet eloping? Juliet gone from the castle, Juliet deserting her, too? It seemed as if the whole world was in a league to deprive her of her friends. First Graham, next Sigart, then Adrian, and now this friend whom she had counted on most of all, her partner in the Great Plan! It was too much! A very paroxysm of anger against fate seized Emma.

She rushed out into the courtyard where the chauffeur was bending over his machine in the bright sunlight, and commanded him peremptorily to make ready for a trip back to the railroad station. Then she went indoors again and gave quick orders to Tilly and her daughter, relative to the immediate closing of the castle, and the disposition of the automobile which she wanted freighted to the nearest shipping port on its return from Cologne. The chauffeur would help them about that, she told the astonished women who were not used to such quick action, and gave them a large check with which to pay their own wages and those of the chauffeur and old Heinrich. They were further instructed to pay any bills for household expenses that might be outstanding, not to mention the cost incident to the carrying out of her orders. Her next move was to fly to the telephone and send a telegram to the North German Lloyd Steamship office at Bremen, to reserve a stateroom on the next steamer sailing for the United States, and in one hour's time had finished packing her effects and was at the door again waiting for the automobile.

“Bring me a pot of black paint, and a great

sheet of wrapping paper and a hammer and nails," she commanded the bewildered Tilly, who was almost frightened by her mistress's high color and quick, excited way of speaking. The good frau told her there was no black paint, but Emma, stamping her foot, told her to "bring shoe-blackening then." And when this peculiar request had been obeyed she seized the brush, dripping with the inky liquid, and began to daub the wrapping paper with writing in rapid, broad strokes. The inscription finished, read, "FOR SALE, RESTORED AND FURNISHED RHINE CASTLE, CHEAP."

With it in her hand she ran to that angle of the castle, Juliet's little chapel, which was most conspicuous from the river, and with the wind blowing her bright hair and her skirts about, she climbed up on a chair Tilly brought her, and nailed the improvised sign to a window-casing with savage blows of her hammer. Then jumping down, she bade a brief good-by to the two women and old Heinrich, and getting into the automobile, was whirled away down the road without as much as one backward glance at the red sandstone stronghold of the medieval prince's

palatine, called Niedenfels, which had so lately been her home — headquarters for the once flourishing Suffrage Emigration Society.

The ride to Bremen was a dismal one, for when her indignation had subsided Emma felt singularly depressed. To be sure she was going back to her own country, and that thought comforted her a little, but she dreaded the possible over-night wait for a boat at Bremen, and the prospect of a lonely ocean voyage by herself. She had never before traveled alone. Always she had had people with her — nice, gay, familiar people who were ready to do anything in the world for her. She should have had them with her now — it was unfair that she did n't. Where were they all — Graham, and "Cousin Adrian," Sigart, and Juliet? Why were n't they with her? Tears of self-pity filled her eyes. But at last, after many weary hours passed in this sort of useless cogitation, the train arrived at Bremen.

She looked eagerly out of the window of her compartment as it came slowly to a standstill, because she could not help having a wild hope that through some miracle Graham would know of her arrival and be there to meet her. Oh, if he only

were — if he would only forgive her, only come and take care of her!

She searched the faces on the platform anxiously, and suddenly, marvelously enough, saw a familiar one. But it was not Graham's. Instead of his long, loosely-knit figure and beaming smile she saw a tall gentleman with gray hair and black Vandyke beard coming down the platform toward her, looking in every compartment as he passed. Emma fairly hurled her baggage at the porter who opened the door for her, and leaped out.

“Father!” she shrieked.

When she had at last been persuaded to unclasp her hands from Mr. Daingerfield's neck and she and that jovial gentleman were in a cab and safely on their way to his hotel through the crowded streets of the seaport town, many explanations ensued between father and daughter.

Mr. Daingerfield in the first place explained his presence, saying that he had always intended to come over and see how she was getting on when she had been long enough away from home, and that if the Great Plan was her experiment, letting her try it out was his; also that he had landed only that morning and was at the moment of Emma's

arrival on the point of taking a train for Cologne when their meeting had providentially prevented him. When he had finished his story and in reply to his tender, "Well, now, what have they been doing to my Emma-girl?" she told him between sobs and with her head on his shoulder, of everything that had happened during the past month except Adrian Kimberley's proposal,—which motives of delicacy made her wish to conceal,—with a full account of the failure of the Great Plan and its Berlin phase, the boycott.

"I wanted so to help!" she sobbed, "and now the cause will just have to go on without me!"

He patted her shoulder. "Never mind, honey," he said, "you tried and that's the best most of us can do. And if this suffrage business is right why women will get the vote soon enough whether you help them or not."

She gulped down a sob. "But it was the wish of my heart—the Great Plan!" she protested piteously. Her father stroked her head sympathetically. It always moved him when his spoiled darling said anything was the wish of her heart, but he spoke firmly.

"Are you sure it was?" he asked. "Because,

you know, my little girl," his voice grew very tender, "speaking about great plans, in the opinion of your poor old dad, the greatest plan in the world, the only plan that can make a woman happy is — is —" He stopped.

"Is what?" murmured Emma.

"Is getting married to some nice young chap who loves her," said Robert Daingerfield.

His daughter made no reply to that, so he added softly, "perhaps after all you did n't understand yourself. Perhaps, instead of revolutionizing the world, the wish of your heart was to —" He finished the sentence with a kiss.

A long silence fell between them. Then Emma spoke in a queer, subdued little voice.

"Have you seen Graham?" she said. At that her strangely behaved father pushed away from her, and with an entire change of manner said briskly: "Have I seen Graham? What do you want to know for? I thought you told me you never wanted to hear his name again?"

Emma sighed. "So I did," she said.

It was fortunate for a little scheme that Mr. Daingerfield had, that his daughter did not look up at that moment and catch him smiling quiz-

zically down at the top of her head which was again snuggling to his shoulder.

"Then it can't interest you," said her father, "to know that I *have* seen him." He smiled still more broadly at Emma's sudden start. "Horde met me when I landed — I cabled him, you know — and told me that he was himself sailing very shortly for home." Emma flushed with sudden excitement. Then Graham was in the same town with her; perhaps she would see him!

"Did he mention me?" she asked hopefully.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mr. Daingerfield with what was surely needless mendacity, for the fact was that Graham had spent fully an hour telling her father, with whom he had always been great friends, how Emma had thrown him over, but that he still cared and had kept track of her motions since the parting by subsidizing Tilly and a servant of the Gräfin Sigart's, and that it was through a telegram of Frau Bloem's that he had learned of Emma's sudden determination to sail for home and had been able to tell Mr. Daingerfield what train to meet.

"We only talked business," continued Emma's perfidious parent.

"Business?" repeated the girl feebly.

"Yes, you see that boy's father was one of my oldest and best friends, as you know, and I've always meant to do something for him, but I thought I'd wait until I saw that he meant to do something for himself, and taking that job as a newspaper reporter proved to me that he did—" He stopped.

"Yes?" said Emma, looking up. She felt somehow, that there was more to come.

"Well," Mr. Daingerfield continued, "when I decided that the time had arrived for me to come over and see how my little girl was getting on, I thought the time had also arrived to make her young man my offer."

"And did you?" interrupted Emma breathlessly.

"Yes, I told him when I first saw him that a position with a good salary attached was waiting for him in my lumber mills." He paused again. For some reason the story did not seem to go very fast.

"And what did he say?" enquired Emma eagerly.

"He said," replied Mr. Daingerfield, and now

his voice was rather grave, "that he was n't your young man any longer and that if I was doing it on that account he could n't accept."

A perturbed "Oh-h!" escaped Emma. "But you told him, did n't you, that —" she began.

"Yes," Mr. Daingerfield took her up, "I did tell him. I said that was n't the only reason, and that he was my old friend's boy and that I — I loved him like a — like a —" This time he came to a full halt. His daughter looked up in alarm. "Go on," she urged, "and what did Graham say to that?"

"He would n't believe me," Mr. Daingerfield replied gently, and in an instant added more cheerfully, in a rallying tone, "But what is it to you? You need n't mind what he does. You hate him, you know. Because the big brute would n't take the Great Plan seriously!"

Emma shivered. "That's so," she said faintly and lay still against her father's breast. "Oh Heavens," she thought, "Graham refusing to accept that fine offer made in good faith, just on my account!" It was too dreadful! Oh, for strength to swallow her pride and tell her father that it was all a mistake. That she did n't hate

Graham! That she loved him with all her heart, that she was the most wretched, miserable —”

The carriage stopped and they got out at the hotel. It was too late. The opportunity for confidences of that kind was past, for they were to sail, her father told her, that afternoon at five, and there was much to be done in the little time that remained. At the steamer it was the same thing; the thought of sailing without seeing Graham grew more and more intolerable. She hung back on the gangway, her heart like lead, trying to get up courage to tell Mr. Daingerfield of her longing and beg him to find the young man for her, but prevented by shame. Then — in the midst of the confusion attendant upon the departure of a great ship and the crowds of arriving passengers — standing a little to one side of the top of the gangway with his bulging portmanteau beside him — suddenly she saw Graham Horde.

Her feet could not go fast enough and she fairly flew up the gangplank. “Graham!” she cried, “Dear Graham!” He saw her and started to meet her, and in a moment had her in his arms.

Grinning stewards and interested passengers paused a moment to take in the scene — the tall,

good-looking fellow and the little, slender girl standing with their arms around each other, and near by an older man with gray hair and dark pointed beard who looked on and gleefully rubbed his hands — and then went their mundane way again.

“Greggy,” said Emma an instant later, drawing back a little, though Horde still held her hands, “do you really forgive me, really like me again?”

Graham screwed up his handsome eyes and screwed up his handsome nose and laughed a great boyish, triumphant laugh for all the world to hear.

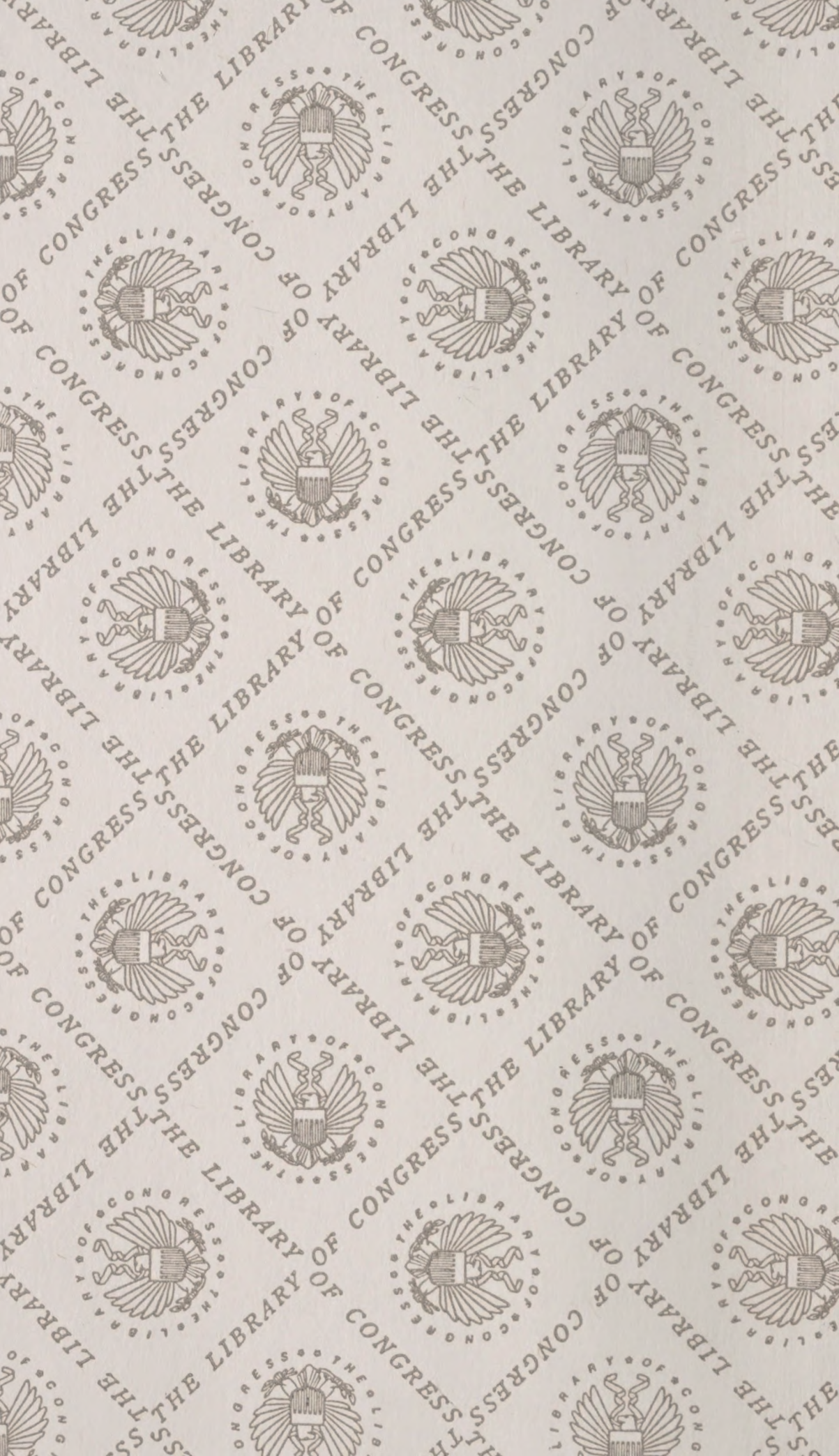
“Like you?” he echoed. “Why, Savage —”

He paused and his face suddenly sobered to tenderness. Bending down close to her ear he said —

But I’m not going to tell you what he said! What’s the use? Those of you who have n’t heard it as yet, have dreamed it, so you all know!

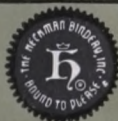
THE END

H-6 86





HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



DEC 85

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021778059

